

THE AMERICAN REBEL SERIES

Esquire

Man At His Best

October 1990 Price \$2.50

Tom Wolfe Versus Everybody Else!

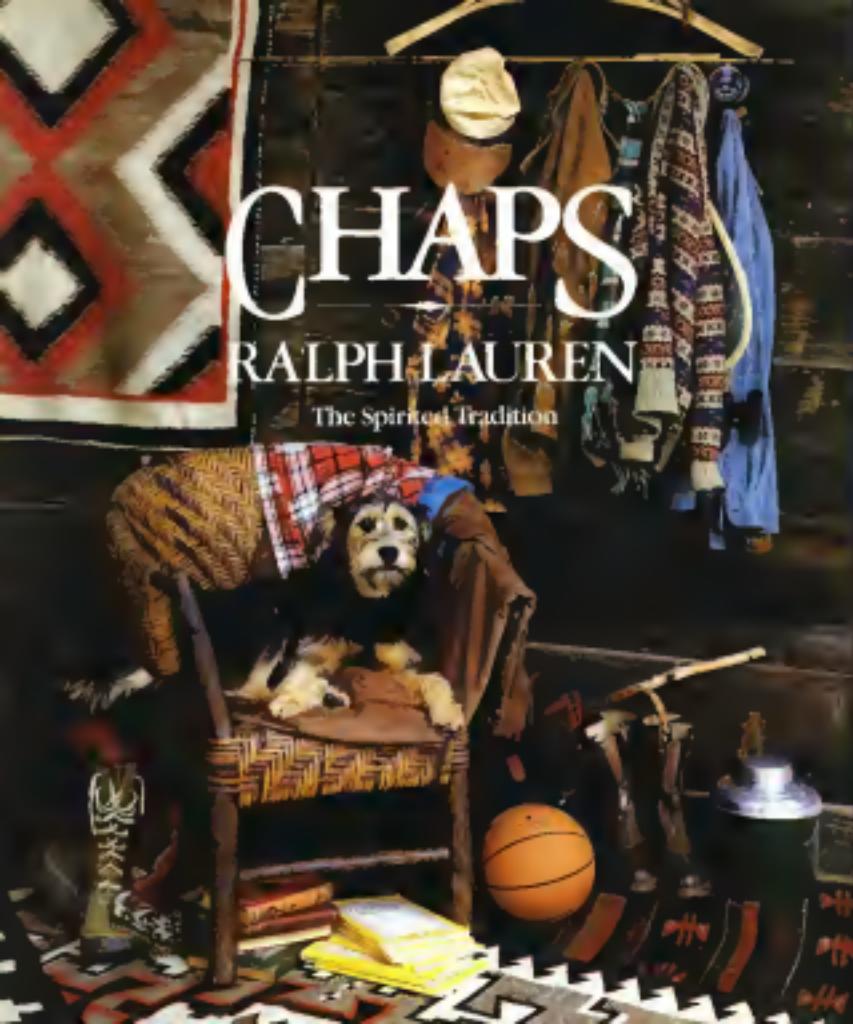
A status
report on
the master
of vanities.

By Lisa
Grunwald

What Dan Rather Would Rather Not Say
Taking Aim at the American Hunter, by Joy Williams



0 74851512



CHAPS

RALPH LAUREN

The Spirited Tradition





OFFICIAL SPONSOR

THE MILLE MIGLIA COLLECTION - AUTOMOTIVE STAND THE TEST OF TIME

A unique collection of chronographs, crafted in Switzerland in limited production. Available in variety of styles with gold or stainless steel cases, stainless steel up to 100 m. screw-down crowns. Highly

resistant with luminous hands and scratch-resistant sapphire crystals.

Model I: Ref. 161442 (pinstripe) - 341787 (red - 18kt gold) - 161713 (pinstripe)

at
Neiman Marcus

address inquiries to

CHOPARD WATCH CORP 100 Fifth Avenue - New York, NY 10011 or phone (212) 247-0848



THE ULTIMATE STORE FOR GENTLEMEN



BERGDORF GOODMAN FORMAARTAAR

Berndorf Goodman Men

The finest men's clothing, tailoring, sportswear and accessories the world has to offer. In an atmosphere of quiet elegance and timeless, executive appeal.

From our extensive collection of Formal Wear and Accessories,
Second Floor. To order 1-800-662-5455

345 Fifth Avenue at 51st Street

**BERGDORF
GOODMAN
MEN**

As life is filled with a sense
of grandeur (Photographed
by Tom Gresham)
Available for licensing*



THE BOLD LOOK OF KOHLER.

Our first-ever stainless steel bathtubs are a pure visual delight, and they work like a dream, too. Of course, we perfected the technique. That's artful construction and design. Quite the exhibition of your good taste. See Yellow Pages for a Kohler® Registered Showroom. For complete product portfolio and idea book, send \$8 to Kohler Co., Dept. F90, Kohler, WI 53044 or call 1-800-4 KOHLER, ext. 106.
©1990 Kohler Co.

OCTOBER 1990
VOLUME 114 NUMBER 4

Esquire

FEATURES

OBITUARIES

112 THE KILLING GAME

America's hunters are inevitable, overequipped, and incompetent. They ought to be extinct.
By Joy Williams

110 WHY I HUNT

The heart of a lonely hunter.
By Kirk Bloodsworth

ENTERTAINMENT

130 DAN RATHER, UNANCHORED

A very bitter discussion of Rather, De Vos, and Moyer. Just what is the frequency of CBS's top newscaster?
By E. Jean Carroll



In Dan Rather with a
Michelin® Page 138

FASHION

131 SEX FOR THE '90s

You may not know their names yet, but these clothes speak for themselves. A preview of the next generation of great designers.
Photographs by Diego Uchida

EDUCATION

144 WHO CARES WHO KILLED LAURA PALMER?

Everybody's an amateur sleuth today, but no one will remember who didn't know.
Guest by Philip Gourevitch

THE AMERICAN
REBEL SERIES

145 TOM WOLFE ALIGHT IN THE STATUS SPHERE

He keeps digging it out, and there's still some sweat left.
A portrait of the author as the Cream Man.
By Luis Goytia

ENTERTAINMENT

162 JERRY GLANVILLE'S UNSUCKLED EGO

Football's crack 'n' roll coach is making noise in Atlanta.
But if this were alone, would he be a Falcons fan?
By Mark Aron

COPIES:
Photograph by
Markus Rehberg;
Retouching by
Bruce Scott

FASHION

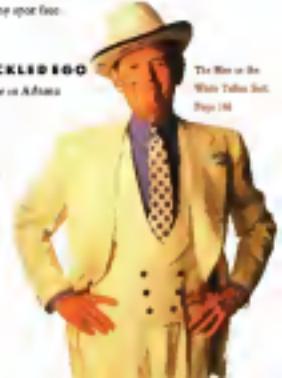
172 BUSINESS AS CASUAL

No calls? No travel? No problem. The right
separates can make the corporate career.
Photographs by Peter Ogden

THE
LITERARY LIFE

182 TALKS OF CHATWIN

In his life and in his art, writer
Eustace Chatwin knew no boundaries.
By David Plast



The Rev. Dr.
White Talbot Smith
Page 138

DEPARTMENTS

25
THE HOUSE
AND THE CITY
LETTERS FROM READERS

39
BACKSTAGE
THE WHITE IN COLOR
CLOTHING
By Lee Rosenberg

47

Men At His Best

LIVING SPACES
THE WORLD & US
By Paul Poirier

THE SEASIDE CODE
FROM THE MOLD TRAVELER
By Elizabeth Goldsmith

CLIMBING
THE ELEVATOR TREE
By John Bennett

THE NIGHTTIME
TRAVELER
By Paul Poirier

ROLES FOR COMMON SPARSERS
By Paul Poirier

WALKING ALONE
FROM BACK TO BOSS
By Courtney Adams

DOING BETTER
LIFE AT THE LATE
By Paul Schuster

65
SILVERSCREEN JOURNAL
THE REVERENDS
By Paul Mordell

69
THE PROFILE MOTION
UNDER THE ROADWALK
By Joseph Nocella

75
HEALTH
TRAUMA CARES
By John Drury



Low 6 and low 8
Page 111

79
The Coffee
SELLING

HOW MUCH CAN YOU
SELL?

By Mark Crapo Miller

WHAT WE'RE
DOING TO THE RISK
By Richard Wagner

100
SECURES TO SHREWD
By Jean-Christophe Lanthi

TECHNOCULTURE

WHAT NEW MATTERS
By Michael Headon

MUSIC

SATURATE, NOW OR NEVER
By Bill Gates

THE SWISS WATCH
By Jacob Weingard



101
TECHNOCULTURE

IS THERE A SCIENCE
IN THE MARKET

By Donald E. Katz

105
THE BIG INVESTOR
By Andrew Soltzman

193
THE BIG INVESTOR
By Andrew Soltzman

BERLIN

By Gary Marion

109
A CRITIQUE OF
THE EXPERTS

By Marilyn Berg

140
KAREN MILROY

KAREN MILROY
Photograph by Aaron Rapoport

142
ESQUIRE SELECTS
THE TIME-ZONE WATCH

Photograph by Jon Pownall

180
ESQUIRE SELECTS
THE LIGHT-POINT TIE

Photographs by Jon Pownall

Open issues on the grid
Esquire Index Page 112

By Milton Cole, Bonus Jim Evans



This product is made from
Soil-Wise Wool fabric

quality

Clothes
that feel
good
because
they are.

195
THE BIG INVESTOR
By Andrew Soltzman

BERLIN

By Gary Marion

199
The Esquire
Business Traveller

EIGHTS OF PARADISE

PIRATE, PIRATE,
NOT SO PIRATE

By Leon Askin

HAT AND SUN

STOP KNEING WHEN
YOU CAN'T SEE YOUR KNEES

By John Marion

quality

</



CARTIER EYEWEAR

LUXE JEWELRY SETTINGS
PURCHASED IN GOLD
AND LIGHT
CARTIER PRESENTS
EYEWEAR DESIGNED TO
ENHANCE THE EXPRESSIVE
BEAUTY OF THE EYES
PERFECT CONTEMPORARY
LINES DELICATELY
TRACED IN GOLD,
LACQUER-OR STEEL
FASCINATING CREATIONS
TO DELIGHT THE EYE.



mut de Cartier

Cartier

THE ART OF BEING UNIQUE

AVAILABLE AT ALL CARTIER BOUTIQUES
BIA BANQUIO • BREVARD BELL • BOSTON • CINCY CHAMP ELYSEES • CORTINA MESTA • DALLAS • DUBAI • DURBAN • EAU TROPICALE • FORT LAUDERDALE • HONOLULU • KUWAIT • LAS VEGAS
LOS ANGELES • MELBOURNE • NEW YORK • PALM BEACH • SAN FRANCISCO • SINGAPORE • ST. THOMAS • TORONTO • TURK • VANCOUVER • WASHINGTON D.C.
ALSO AVAILABLE AT THE FINEST OPTICAL STORES FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION PLEASE CALL 800-427-2222



nautica.
AUTUMN 1990



nautica





HERMÈS. LOOK FOR THE ONE
WITH FOUR LEAVES.

HERMÈS
PARIS

should exclusively sell from
Bosch's, Boston,
George E. Lucas (Montauk
Beach, New York), Palm Beach,
San Francisco, Washington, D. C.
Buyers may in W. Va., D. C., etc.,
Salisbury, Seattle, San
Francisco, Albany, New York,
Washington, D. C., etc.

John Broder
J. L. Clegg
John H. Cherry
J. C. Eudaly
J. L. Lamm
John P. Morris
John T. Quinn
John J. Wagner
John Weller

4



BREITLING
1884



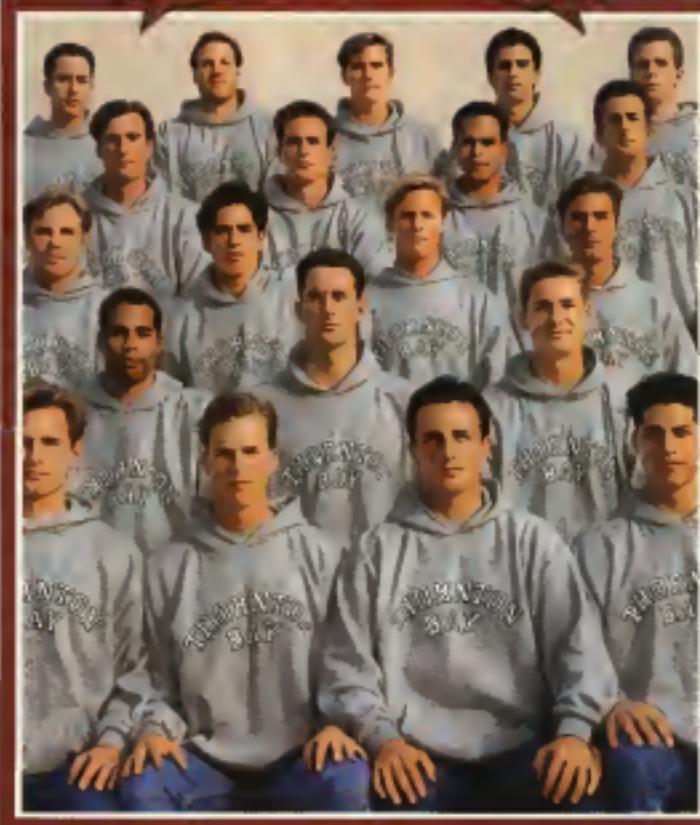
AEROSPACE.
Aviation and space engineering
After school year: aviation studies
Lectures: shop or manual knowledge

INSTRUMENTS FOR PROFESSIONALS

REYNOLDS & CO.
PHOTOGRAPHS • THE JEWELRY • ENAMELS
348 PARK AVENUE, WINTER PARK, FLORIDA
(407) 646-2328

LAWRENCE DESIGN JEWELERS
3811 MAR PLAZA
1555 CAMBIO RD. MAR
3811 MAR. CR 99014
619/755-7366

THORNTON BAY



Style is the Maine thing. The collection, exclusively at Macy's and Bullock's.



PERRY ELLIS SUITS

THE BURBERRY LOOK



Burberrys
LONDON ENGLAND

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL BURBERRYS TAILORED CLOTHING
1200 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NY 10020, TELEPHONE (212) 941-4629



Heroes For Today

The old heroes were often but a charmers.

Men like Coop and the Duke,
who saved the day before heading off into
a technicolored sunset.

Paladins of our imagination.

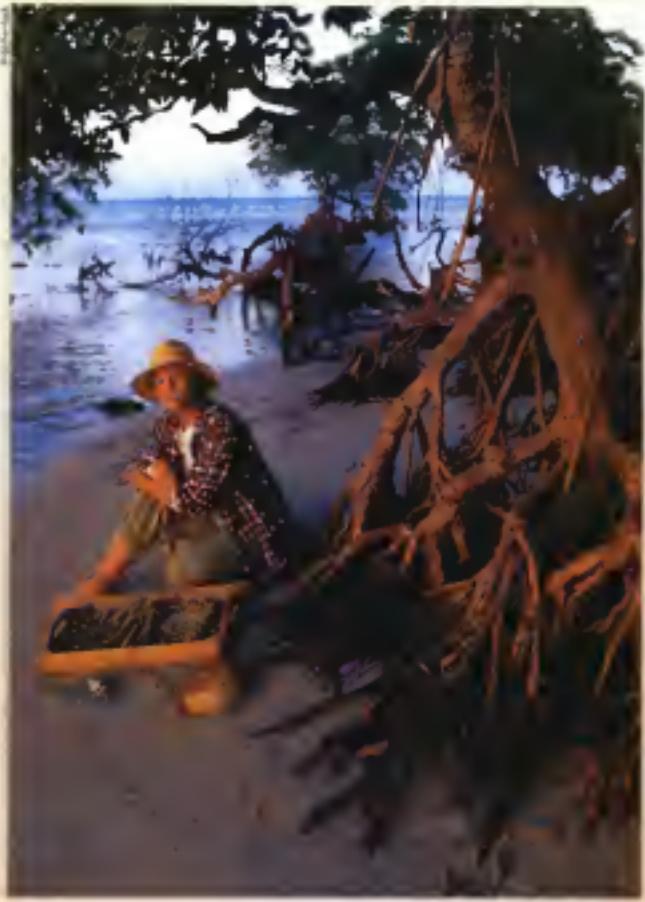
But, today's heroes are those men and
women who are guided by principles based on
real and lasting values. Those who help
to mend the torn fabric of the earth
And those who still seek the adventurous life.
Before they head off, they don't call wardrobe

They call us.

Eddie Bauer®

Each piece is a Signed Original

Men and women outdoor clothing and gear. Available at over 200 locations across the U.S. and Canada.
We encourage you to call 1-800-263-8888 (Depot 2000) for a free catalog.



Sunde Ross, author, educator and project manager for Friends of the Everglades, Florida.
Printed on FSC® 100% Recycled paper.



Annie Kluza, founder of Puget Sound environmental information network, Coastal Chumash Range, Washington.
Printed on FSC® 100% Recycled paper.



The Eddie Bauer Guarantee:

What Eddie Bauer said in 1922 still holds true today.
"Every item we sell will give you complete satisfaction
or you may return it for a full refund."



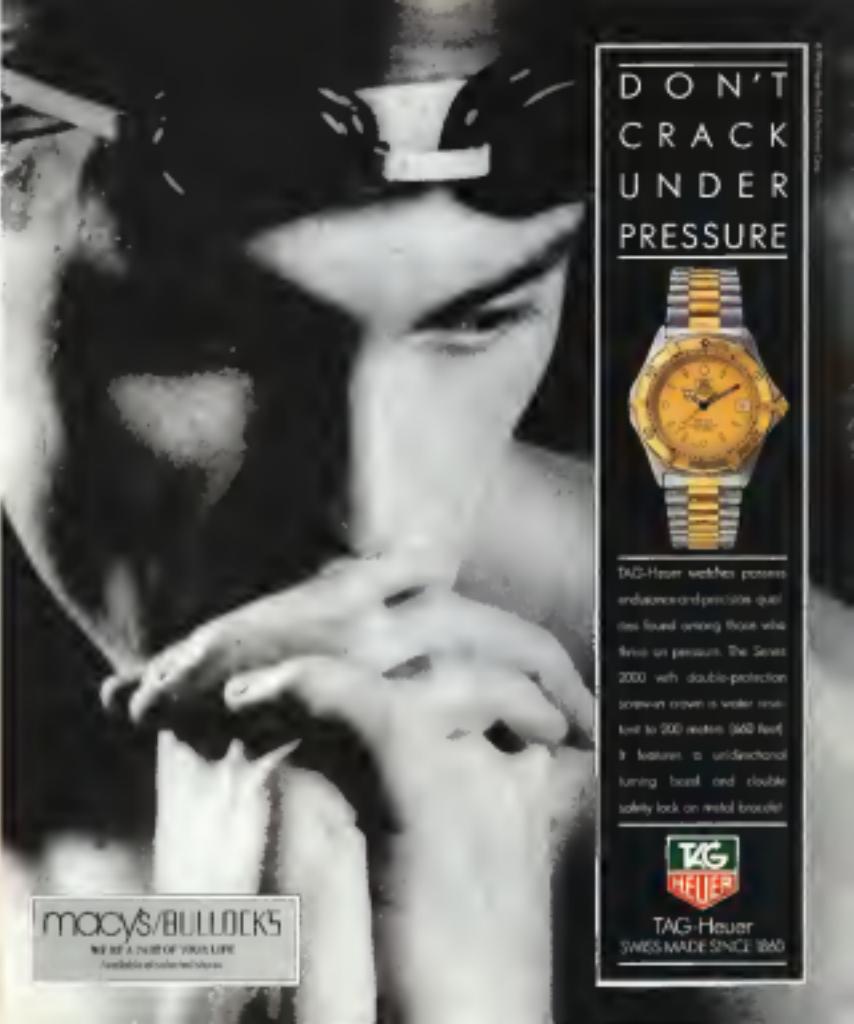
Eddie Bauer Near You:

For generations our free catalogs have been mailed to some of the finest homes in America. You'll also find our exclusive products at over 180 Eddie Bauer stores across the U.S. and Canada, including fifty new stores opening this year. For your copy of our latest catalog, or for the store location nearest you, call toll-free 24 hours a day:

1-800-356-8889
Department 568

Albuquerque Anchorage Atlanta Austin Baltimore
Boca Raton Boise Boston Buffalo Calgary Chicago Cincinnati
Cleveland Columbus Dallas Denver Detroit Edmonton
Eugene Houston Indianapolis Long Island Los Angeles Madison
Memphis Miami Milwaukee Minneapolis Nashville New Orleans
Ottawa Palm Beach Philadelphia Phoenix Pittsburgh Portland
Raleigh Richmond Sacramento Salt Lake San Antonio San Diego
San Francisco Scottsdale Seattle Short Hills Stamford St. Louis
St. Paul Santa Barbara Syracuse Toronto Vancouver Victoria
Washington D.C. Winston-Salem Youngstown

Eddie Bauer®



macy's/bullock's
WE ARE A PART OF YOUR LIFE
Available at macy's and bullock's

**D O N ' T
C R A C K
U N D E R
P R E S S U R E**



TAG-Heuer watches possess endurance and precision qualities found among those who thrive on pressure. The Series 2000 with double-protection screw-on crown is water resistant to 200 meters (660 feet). It features a unidirectional turning bezel and double safety lock on metal bracelet.



TAG-HEUER
SWISS MADE SINCE 1860

W. Russell Jones
PresidentChair of Most Valuable
American Publisher
Chair of Most Valuable
American ExecutiveMark Moore
U.S. Advertising Manager
Bruce C. McRae
International Advertising DirectorBarry Johnson
American Production DirectorWilliam Powell: American Image Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
James R. Smith: Graphic Design
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Adams

Ronald Berney: Executive Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Cohen

Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Dowling

Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Eaton

Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Fisher

Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Gibson

Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Goldschmid

Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Gordon

Gordon: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Hoffman

Hoffman: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Kaufman

Kaufman: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Lamb

Lamb: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Larson

Larson: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Lever

Lever: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Leverett

Leverett: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Lipton

Lipton: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

Maurer

Maurer: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

McNamee

McNamee: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

McNamee

McNamee: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production ManagerMcNamee: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production ManagerMcNamee: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production ManagerMcNamee: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production ManagerMcNamee: Creative Director
Larry Dopp: Creative Director
John C. Dickey: Creative Director
Peter J. Korn: Art Director
Steve P. Korn: Production Manager

FOLEY'S

ten years ago
you celebrated
a 10-year
anniversary
stroll.The Diamond Anniversary Band.
This year, tell her youth, marry her all over again.
A diamond forever.

mac

If there is a
better ski resort in
the United States,
I haven't seen it.Skiing
at Jackson Hole
is like being
in the mountains.Skiing
at Jackson Hole
is like being
in the mountains.

WE SAW THE BEST FOR YOU
JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING

FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF
JACKSON HOLE MAGAZINE,
SEND A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED
ENVELOPE TO: JACKSON HOLE
MAGAZINE, P.O. BOX 1000,
JACKSON, WYOMING 83001.

EXPERIENCE POUR MONSIEUR

A SOPHISTICATED, UNDERTATED FRAGRANCE FOR MEN
MODERN MASCULINE DEFINITELY FRENCH



© 1991 CHANEL INC., NEW YORK, NY



BULOVA. IT'S JEFF CARPENTER'S TIME.

Fantasy and realism go hand-in-hand in the paintings of Jeff Carpenter. The result is a haunting sense of time and space bordering on the mystical. Hittingly enough, the Rubix day-date watch he's wearing is designed to measure time in seven different ways! And to complete the picture, the contrast of the white ceramic dial and the stitched leather strap is in the image of a great artistic tradition. A tradition that hasn't missed a second of America in over a century of fine watchmaking.

BULOVA
IT'S AMERICA'S TIME.

© 1987 Bulova Corporation

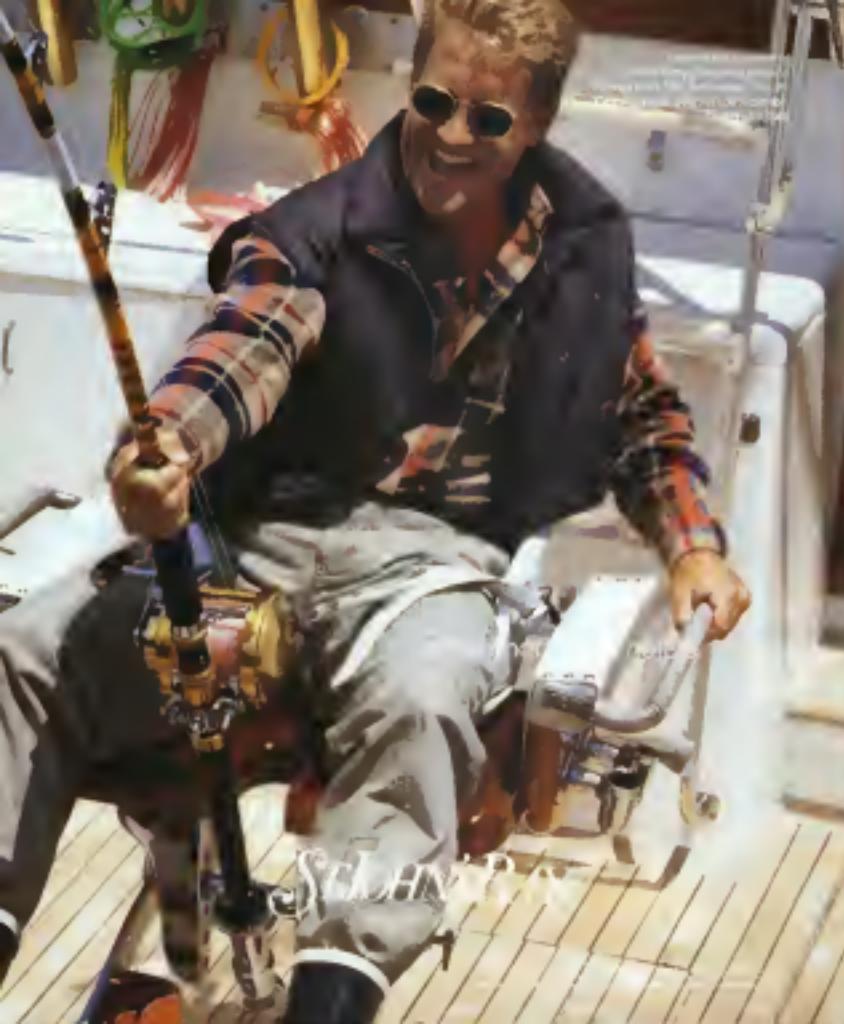


ETERNITY

FOR MEN



Calvin Klein
COLOGNE



An advertisement for Jockey brand underwear. A woman in a pink tank top and white shorts is leaning against a white railing on a boat. A man in red swim trunks and a black cap is sitting on the floor next to her. The background shows a window with blue-tinted glass. The Jockey logo is prominently displayed in the center. Text on the left side of the ad reads: "So Comfortable" and "JOCKEY". Below the logo, a quote says: "We've vowed to make comfortable Jockey brand underwear a family tradition in our home." At the bottom left, there is a small photo of a couple in wedding attire. The bottom right corner features the text "STERN'S Mac's Brothers" and "The Tradition Continues".



M I S S O N I
NEW YORK
EST. MADISON AVENUE

Yves Saint Laurent

© 1988 Yves Saint Laurent París, S.A.

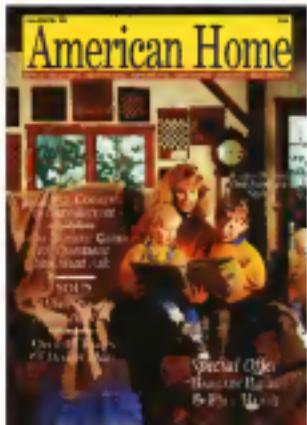


THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN
YVES SAINT LAURENT
JORDAN MARSH - ROBINSONS

A Magazine Is Born to the New American Family

*American Home is the magazine for the new
do-it-together American family.*

*Working together. Parenting together. Gardening together.
Entertaining together. Decorating together. Planning together.
Dreaming together. Building the future together.
That's what it's all about.*



Now available on newsstands.
For a charter subscription call 1-800-289-8747

American Home is a publication of Hearst Magazines, a division of The Hearst Corporation. ©1984 The Hearst Corporation



If you've never read a book
merely to discuss it at a cocktail party
If you go to restaurants for the food, not the atmosphere
If you don't need to make a fashion statement
to let people know who you are
Then you're looking at the image of a Cutty Sark drinker

CUTTY SARK[®]



UNCOMMONLY SMOOTH



CUTTY SARK



SCOT'S WHISKY

UNCOMMONLY SMOOTH

His enemies want him stopped.
His friends want him dead.



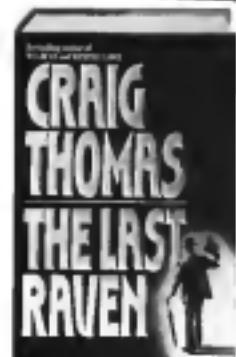
*Patrick Hale is the last raven,
the one who sees everything.*



*He's out on a limb and only
one person can save him.*



*Before that happens, the raven
must learn a new skill:
several angry friends.*



*"Thomas' fiction
gives off sparks!"
Wall Street Journal*

■ HarperCollins Publishers
Also Available from
HarperCollinsCanada.ca

THIS CHRISTMAS THERE WILL BE...

Financial Shelter



No one offers you as many ways to protect your money and cover your credit as Rolfs.

ROLFS.



Rolex makes over 200 styles of wallets for men and women.

© 1988 Rolfs, Inc.

Mail Order: 800/548-8888

See Dealer Services Guide after page 136.

Available on free return (through 12/31/88) 1-800-548-8888

MISERY

FROM COLUMBIA PICTURES

WOOL MAKES LIFE EASIER

Your day begins and ends with comfortable pure wool.

A natural together

Relaxed, smart,严谨 or indoors, year round.



Winning combinations

On court or off racing, compete with the comfort of pure wool.



Available at fine retail stores everywhere



PURE WOOL
The Pure Wool Mark is a
great recognition of quality
wool fabrics made of the
world's best...Pure Wool.

A point of view
Wool sets you
apart...ease of
care, comfort, and
the assurance that
you have made the
right choice.



Weigh the options
Bet for confidence choose
the best...pure wool.
There's really no other
choice.



POLO RALPH LAUREN SPORTSMAN



THE TRAIL GUIDE MOCCASIN

Backstage



The Writer in Wolfe's Clothing

By Lee Eisenberg

BACK IN THE 1940S, when men and women still argued to be writers, not screenwriters, speculators, or copywriters, there was a natural distinction whereby an ambitious novelist had to shed successive layers of skin to become, in the word, hot.

First there, an astute young journalist was willing to turn out a few big stories for a newspaper. But if the reporter had grand literary aspirations, he soon left his triple cramped both by the beauty of his prose and their circumscribed, journalistic nature. "Gone are my powers," the novelist cried, as he stalked out in search of a pay phone.

His first call was likely to be to a magazine, where the journalist looked to him to still his desire for articles on short stories to appear as a character in the stories he covered, in encounters with colorful and inventive language. But he soon flushed with his magazine, and by a long shot.

The next and last step was books. Books meant more space and for the reading public, and to measure money and prestige. As a Rule, Wolfe, the novelist was now free of the obvious risk of losing independence. Subsidized by a decent advance, he could devote several years to a project, the result being something he could leave behind. Through books he could find literary independence and individual status.

And so it was that many of our best novelists moved from this sporadic writing to becoming literary men. David Halberstam, Guy Tamm, Neil Shenvai, among others. For the most ambivalence of the generation was Tom Wolfe, who started out at the Herald Tribune, moved on to the pages of Esquire, and toward his writing house that ranged from the *Reporter* (*The Right Stuff*) to the *Esquire* (*The Painted Word*), to the plausibly successful *What Every Man Knows* that three years ago certified Wolfe as America's most charismatic popular writer.

Lee Eisenberg is Esquire's editor in chief.



Tom Wolfe succeeded in the literary high ground because—throughout his transformation from reporter to literary man—he broke a lot of rules. He defied the editor's expectations when a writer should look and sound like. He can look an editor in the eye. And on any number of occasions he happily stuck his thumb in the eye of a self-satisfied establishment. Though ever well mannered and self-spoken, Tom Wolfe addressed editorial overlords, and for that reason we include him in our final pantheon of the culture icons, which began his career with James Fenton's contemptuous take of Jack Nicholson. This time out ("Tom Wolfe Alot" in the *Streets of San Francisco*, page 149), Features Editor Eric Gransfeld has a go at the middle of a writer wrapped in a white coat.

You'll never catch Wolfe being guilty of inattentional blindness. On the contrary, he's so perceptive that you almost feel you're experiencing a social gaffe if you try to make him talk to the question. "The funniest part is not thinking about how Wolfe himself would write the past year's done. The fact is, he wouldn't even take such an assignment. He cold as he doesn't write about celebrities, because people would read his work for the celebs and not for the writer." Did Gransfeld worry that our readers' curiosity about Wolfe the celebrity would prevent them from paying close attention to how he expressed his thoughts about his work?

"Hey," she said, "I'd love to have that history." ■

Gap white shirt \$22, as seen by
PATSY KERSEY, above.
Photographed by Mark Litt.

FEAT.

IT'S WHEN YOU KNOW THAT GRAND
RESULTS ARE ALWAYS BUILT UPON
THE SIMPLEST THINGS. CLASSIC
GAP, FOR INDIVIDUALS OF STYLE.

G A P





Belvest
Executive Residential Tailoring

SA-ice | Vennus | St. L' | New York City | Paris | Cora Gatti | Laurence | Richard Potts
Sgt. Jérôme | Chloé | Karsan | Oneill | L' | Moncler | Design | Acne

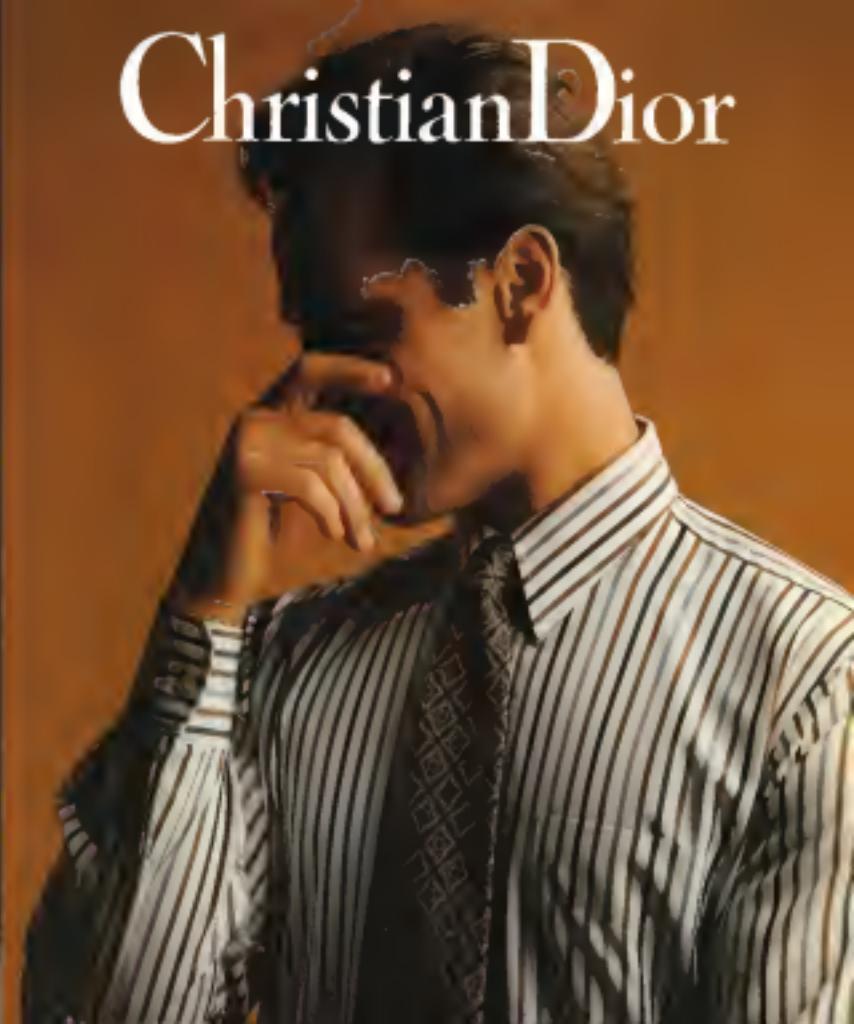
Christian Dior



ChristianDior



ChristianDior





Fidelio collection

Triumph In Dignity And Styling.
Stunning Swiss Handcrafed.
Masterpiece 18 K Goldplated
Expansion Clasp
Water Resistant To 90 Ft
Quartz Accurate To Within 30 Seconds A Year.

Marshall Field's



For a brochure write to: Raymond Weil, Dept. AD, 367 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017

See Reader Service Card after page 176

Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

IT WAS AFTER the holidays and New Year's that they began to sing, the order of Sunday at 11 a.m. at new IKEA stores in Elizabeth, New Jersey, says, rising from their chairs with a command from HQ back in Almhult to raise glass and toast the cleaning stage.

It's not a new idea, though, as it can often be at IKEA, the company whose slogan is "cheaper than the supermarket" and which sells furniture, rugs, dishes, cabinets, pots, pans, and toys made all over the world at prices that astound, or groceries that boggle. IKEA has more than 100 million catalogues, in twelve languages. A single type of rug has sold a million units and the great idea of a cupboard could be made of Hungary, the shelves in Taiwan, the hinges in Germany. The catch is: Everything comes flat, so boxes you pull out of the car are warehouse, put in the car, and put together at home.

IKEA is about "good design" that is all "broadness and light colors," emphasizes, notes it does brilliantly. But no lack of some exotic chairs, say—there is a kind of automated custom dormitory, a sponge Espresso "Gentlemen produced tomorrow" is the IKEA phrase for designs that have to go over to Korsör as well as Kungsbacka.

Others are genuine icons: the Stil-Kasseff library that offers a innovative concept of a stereo system in a pillar, the Stil-Kasseff table could be known as the "Philips Stil-Kasseff." Who wrote designs? Well, IKEA has them, says, but Nelly Gammelgaard, Tord Björklund, Göran Lundquist, Børge Rundquist, Knut Hjeltnes,

for IKEA to more than good old-fashioned price cuts and marketing. It also about high ideals of world citizenship. IKEA could be Swedish for "The World Rig's." Actually, the name comes from the initials of its founder, Ingvar Kamprad, his



LIVING QUARTERS

The World R Us

By Phil Patton

land, and Ingvar. Kamprad, a Swedish combination of Honey Ford and Sam Wilson, didn't even consider IKEA outside of Scandinavia until 1973. That first year, clearly, was Swedish. If the Swedes bought the idea, why not?

They did. And now there are eighty-seven stores, which last year took in well over \$1 billion. In just a million or so stores the rest of the world, the U.S. is a late addition, the first store only opened here in 1985, but now the blue-and-yellow juggernaut is rolling

across our country as it has been from Umeåping and Jönköping to Tumbastrand and Malmö, from Spångastrand to Skellefteå, reproducing like the mandarin Von Neumann machines in Arthur C. Clarke books. Now that they've conquered Europe, IKEA is going into North America, with one or two more planned for California. The Long Island location should open about the same time as the one in Lexington, Kentucky, if there's a store at Peppermint, Peoria, because it's behind.

EDITED BY RITA KECLEBKO

IKEA is capitalism with a unisex face. There's a public child care—"the bollwack," blind with little plastic bolts, on which kids, dashed in the door like mimosas, get a clean check, honest and bubbly. Baby-changing facilities are unisex, with free diapers. There are no employees, only "ca-

**Surely, if IKEA
has a store
in Popperville,
Peoria can't
be far behind.**

workers," contractors, and once a year there's an antidepositional work, when the customers have to work in the warehouse.

"IKEA," says the manager of the new New Jersey store, who worked at Macy's for eleven years, "has made a better profit," inspiring a cynical business remark: "Buy, what Jim Jones could have done with this guy."

The sales pitch is similarly without self doubt. INEXPENSIVE IKEA means the tag line on the box: "low cost," a dining table for \$19, the Nostalgia sofa bed for \$149, and an eight-piece number set for \$7.

All this villa sagacious recalls the longer wicker you used to see on old ladies' porch in TRONDHJEM. We can live with it, though. It's a natural extension of the third that runs up and down the consumer spine when someone cuts the ground from beneath the overcooked and overpriced, cracking open the market with the satisfying sound of a clutch snap at the middle.

For at IKEA you don't get wisdom. As Lyle's gone by Quidahl's Green Book, IKEA goes by Ingvar Kamprad's Nine Points No Kavlinggårdsholm places here, as Peter New goes it: "More Things Still Remain to Be Done—a Glorious Future!"

Man At His Best

BACK BEFORE WE entered the cheese gastronomes and learned to love pungent dips and Roquefort, there was, one of the first pleasures of the cocktail era was a bistro blue cheese called Roquefort. Whimsically rich, with a pungent tanginess, Roquefort also made a great salami, a cheese spread or, I think, crumbled into a big, easy dressing over iceberg and croutons, as one of those original, easy-peasy, kinda-brownie-bowlish '50s, Franklin, the all-American salad.

To a lot of people, though, Roquefort is just a clumpy specimen for top blue cheese, a no-nonsense cheese, comparable to thinking a ground one is blended grape juice. But much like creating a fine wine, the manufacturing of this singular delicacy is a mysterious, ethereal, hand-made process, in which when and what are now. Is Roquefort involved a complex organization between culture, technology, love, and the vagaries of fortune's wheel?

In the case of France known as the Roquefort, the Roquefort-tradition, a small village built amid limestone boulders and resembling subterranean caves. According to legend, a shepherd in pursuit of a local locally decided to leave his loads in one of the caves. Months later, when the shepherds returned, he found his cheese had turned rye and, to his dismay, the cheese had become deliciously marbled with wisps of pale green. His flavor altered from mild to wildly piquant.

Obviously, mold had set in, but a simpler reason. After experiencing, toadstool-like discoloration and that rye flavor, when exposed in the humidity of the limestone caves, developed pungent dairy. Penicillium spores, later called Penicillium roqueforti. Friendly competition between the microorganisms and certain mold-like cheese would produce the limestone, tangy depth that is the distinguishing feature of Roquefort cheese.

Today, all of Roquefort cheese is a man-made cheese.



THE SEASONED COOK

Growing Mold Gracefully

By Elizabeth Bakhtiar

My Penicillium was a special breed of shrooms, the Lactococcus, for these rich milks, lactose shape maintaining breeds for the purpose of leaving them ripe, and cheese makers sprinkle the dairy spores over whey of extremely fresh cheese, covering dairy with the cheese. Once the first ganglia of mold appear, the cheeses are aged in, then wrapped in foil having the rinds of a red cheese, the cheese and of greenish Roquefort.

If properly handled and stored, just about any breed of Roquefort makes delicious eating, although there are self-deliberately-fresher due to the specific manufacturing processes. A yet broader reference and usually texture is typical of most produced breads, which are chemically denatured penicillia. The

classic method penicillium, most likely chosen with an evenly dispersed amount of mold.

Roquefort cheese is made with a white red or golden sausages for aging. Roquefort is a remarkable ingredient in cooking. One remarkable characteristic is a beginning appearance, cheddar, cheese of dough maturing point of mature cheese. The recipe was created by Louis Bassac, of the Roquefort Hotel in New York.

In the dish, with chunky applesauce, light cream, and salty cheese.

ROQUEFORT BRINCHETS
1/2 cup crumbled Roquefort, at room temperature
1 tablespoon egg yolk
12 crepes, 4-7 inches in diameter, made from very good,

Basic crepe recipe
1 cup all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 whole egg
1 egg yolk
1/2 cup water
1/2 teaspoon vegetable oil
Vegetable oil for frying
1/2 cup cold unsweetened applesauce (preferably home-made from firm, tart apples)

Cream together the Roquefort and the two tablespoons of egg yolk. Place the crepes, rounded side up, on a work surface, spoon a smear of filling in the center. Fold the top, then the bottom of the crepe, overlapping them in the filling completely. Fold in the two remaining sides, overlapping them to make a square package, pinch the edges lightly to seal. Place seam-side down on a flat baking sheet, repeat the procedure, arranging the packages in a single layer. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate at least 1 hour or overnight.

Add vegetables to the crepes. While the crepes are rising, wash, and the two tablespoons of vegetable oil in another bowl until smooth. Gently add the egg mixture into the dry ingredients, mixing just until smooth.

Heat four inches of oil in a heavy sauté pan to very deep depth (about one inch). Heat the crepes in a red cheese, the cheese and of greenish Roquefort.

If properly handled and

stored, just about any breed of

Roquefort makes delicious

eating, although there are self-deliberately-fresher due to the specific

manufacturing processes. A yet

broad reference and usually

texture is typical of most

produced breads, which are chemi-

cally denatured penicillia. The

cheese makers sprinkle the dairy spores over whey of extremely fresh cheese, covering dairy with the cheese. Once the first ganglia of mold appear, the cheeses are aged in, then wrapped in foil having the rinds of a red cheese, the cheese and of greenish Roquefort.

REHABILAH SABOTTO

Panasonic introduces a personal stereo designed for the most discriminating ears.

Surround and whistles. Gimmicks and gadgets. That's what many personal stereos seem to have today. But as impressive as some of those shiny features may seem, they won't impress you if you only know and care about music.

That's why Panasonic introduces the new HQ-654, the personal stereo designed for music.

First, it has a precision digitally synthesized FM/AM tuner plus a high-performance cassette deck with both Dolby® B and C noise reduction systems.

Its S-XAS Super Extra Bass System produces a powerful, tight resonant bass.

Even the headphones are specially engineered. They're compact, yet give you sound with incredible impact. And it's controlled by an auto-logic microprocessor-driven remote—so you can operate almost everything without even having to take the HQ-654 out of your pocket.

So treat your ears to this new Panasonic Personal Stereo. Because after all, it's not before and what's in your ears apprehehns, it's the music. ■

©1985 Panasonic Industrial Company.

NOT JUST BELLS AND WHISTLES... TECHNOLOGY.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time!



GIORGIO ARMANI
CALZE



GIORGIO ARMANI
CALZE

Man At His Best

I WAS FLIPPING through the pages of a mail-order catalog a few months ago when I discovered, halfway through, that it was a catalog for elevators, too. They didn't look at all orthopedic, or lumpy, or wavy. I'd always thought elevators should look. They were perfectly formed in appearance. There were wrap-around Louisies, minni-sous, housing slides, and even a pair of bed-sheets slippers.

Had not given my thought concerning these desert fishes to you last fall—allow me to say they rather than the average American male, make him to pursue the most heroic and courageous and manly course. So I have been thinking about them. I know what I'd like to do about them. I want them to live, grow, bear the man's grade. I am always on the shore and out of the green life. When I am not fishing, I usually start off growing, and I moved quickly towards the tall cell life. For I have forgot the source of being there, and when I moved into prison, all it came back. There was a sentence in the catalogue that caught my eye. It said that men are writing死刑犯 than those not even below them, so how sure how tall they are. So that put me in thinking. Why shouldn't I be in love too?

I bought a pair of plain black espadrilles. They had wedge shaped soles about one inch and a half high consisting of wood, so the backs of the shoes had a higher rise than normal. They didn't look out of proportion, though, because the heels were built in such higher than usual, too.

I clapped them on my head, changed in sailor-style. I could see them on a shelf that had been at eye level before. I had to reach a little lower to get my door knobs, turn keys, and push the elevator button for my floor. I found myself bending further over the sink to wash my hands, and when I looked in the mirror above my dresser, the top of my head was gone.

I would prefer leather than my pu-



6448103

The Elevator Shoe

H. J. FOHRER, B. G. REED

one of the adult men in America more than that, was the tallest person in the room. When I used to have fun with friends I would try and stretch them back a little and straighten up. Frequently, perhaps, that the slight change in eye relative height had been due to these persons.

James Madigan, who was less than four, the diminutive Jameson 1824 wore red high heels in his little himself up a sofa. This was no he caught, because the high heels quickly became the fashion at Versailles, which put his right foot where he wanted. Madigan was another master. He shod a deck of playing cards into his shoes, making them single might well have been the first conversed character shoes in history.

ody, Long Crosby, and Beau
play. Bogart, King, Huxley and
Prince Rainier buy a dozen pairs
at a time. Not all elevator shoe
shiners are short, by the way;
Elton Trueley wears slippers, and
he was not very tall.

Never abuse a walk of walking

When I looked in
the mirror
above my dresser,
the top of
my head was gone.

I decided to take my experience to the next level. I thought a game of chess would be fun. When I stood up in the room the ground that was between us was now six feet apart—in the style of Lydia Johnson, the unusual-looking pianist after whom Johnson was (we were told). Like Johnson, I towered over people. I could feel the power flowing toward me from the upended floor. When I wanted to converse it was a clumsy way, however. I would find myself nodding Johnson's head and it'd knock down in a sharp laugh. That sound pretty weird, wouldn't you say? There were other odd things, too. Whenever I sat down, my height advantage disappeared completely. Elephants are built

to keep standing. They can't even stand in an ordinary sheet either, which is why there are elevator shoes and elevator bedsheet slippers. When I thought about those bedroom supports, I realized that elevator shoes require a full knee commitment. They're heavy too. And I had begun to develop lower back pain from all the crouching and the bending at odd angles.

So I stopped writing my narrative sheet, but I didn't throw them away. Max used to complain when they got older. My father, at eighty-two, had lost more than two inches. When it was moving up through the gear line, I wondered if I'd never be short again. If I am thinking, I just might never be prompted. ■



Style is never out of fashion

BOSS
HUGO BOSS

Man At His Best

SOTT-ON-HIGHWAY, "Dangin' and I Know," sang James "Son Ford" Thomas, one of the last Delta bluesmen, who lived on social security and became a legend of blues music provided by singing blues. Scott one more a long way, from Louisiana to Minnesota, but nowhere is it longer than between Vicksburg and Memphis, where it presents with a darkness that repulses the vicious workings of the Mississippi. At the home ground of the blues, the Mississippi Delta is primal swamp, the Tigris. Explorers will fly from which spring modern popular music.

THE ROLLING STONES and Eric Clapton and the Allman Brothers are third-generation heirs of the great Robert Johnson, who, it was said, learned from the devil (in the devil's side, see page 21). He was not alone: blues endorsement of a Delta blues singer has always been advertised here with all the enthusiasm of a Silicon Valley start-up boasting the breaking of a prime green-venom-caped frog.

At the base of the tree, shunning like the meager above it's asphalt, comes the strange music of Charlie Patton. He is not the first Delta blues singer, but he is the first whose individual art has survived. Charlie taught Son House, who taught Robert Johnson, and was influenced by Howling Wolf. He is the bluesman, common ancestor of them all—if not all, I should say, for, interesting to his bawling, boomy music, I left on time—dawn and darkness to him. That was when I began to suspect Charlie, and we left.

Then, reading Stephen Cole and Gayle Windham's biography of Patton, *King of the Delta Blues*, I found striking evidence of questions we had in our minds. Charlie was known for having "good" hair, and so on. Both of us worked in cotton fields in our youth, and decided only to abandon that particular career track Charlie "had" made like



THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Blues for Cousin Charlie

By PHILIP FORTIN

God damn it," and I'm not too fond of it, either. Charlie's era, in his *Paramount* Research publication, provides a step back into the way music did when it was raw, and to his mother's body strapped out at only 133 pounds.

Moreover, David Evans, blues researcher, reports that Charlie's grandfather may well have been a certain white overseer, a W. R. Evans, who had moved to the state from Georgia. That could well explain his fear of Alcorn, a North Carolina cotton mill owner, overseer-musician in the great sweatshop in the city, Cousin Charlie's childhood.

Not long ago I decided to do better to our Charlie's was damage than Beckley's, the comparatively benevolent plan

where he got started and lived on and off until he made out with his two sons, in Vicksburg, where he's buried. I went through the news of Alcorn, where, when a black singer was killed by lightning, the good Deans mounted their heads at the parson of it. I deserved to pass by Parchman, the names thousand-acre penitentiary and because plantation where government kept used to reward field hands, maximum security and some two miles, read a sign. I stopped by a lot of the places where Charlie spent time in jail, at Helena, at Greenwood, a town so sleepy that the former manager ran bathing in the middle of Main Street did not dream its owner out of the way of my wheels.

Charlie became a messenger for the same reason all blues singers

Listening to his haunting music, I began to suspect that Charlie and I were related.

that is least the system. They were street musicians to Mass lines who also played for plantation lesions on Saturday nights, providing dance music while bootleggers provided whisky. When things got rowdy, they would often end up breaking out a window. Charlie had his break out in one such affair, across the river in Helena, Arkansas.

At other times, the vintages were more professional. When it called for bluesman, jazz joints, or coalminers, their musical function was supplemented by the one Charlie sang about. House over powder passed all over green. Some of the finest young women I'd met then were gone.

Charlie was a weakly individual, a clown. He bounced around, playing the guitar between his legs. His lyrics were cobbled together from the names of his own experiences and snarling bits of song—"Be floating virus," his

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON HOUSTON CHICAGO BOSTON TORONTO MONTREAL

Some people have a different idea of waterfront living.



© 1990 Timberland Company. An Imprint of The Prudential Insurance Company of America, Newark, NJ.

You'll find Timberland jackets, boots and apparel in use on the most civilized lakefront and river properties in the land. But to see our gear tested to its use limits, you might want to visit

the more primitive types of real estate. Remote backwaters. Impenetrable marshes. Inlets even Rand McNally can't find.

Here you'll find a certain kind of waterfront

dweller. An individualist who has two good reasons to abandon the comforts of civilization. One, his passion for the outdoors. Two, his trust in Timberland gear.

NEW YORK

LONDON

BOSTON

SAUSALITO

NEWPORT

ANNAPOLIS



Boots, shoes, clothing, wind, water, marsh and dry.

Man At His Best

described them Charlie blithely depicts himself as a man of the world, sitting at "the 'hole-in-the-wall' of the Delta, the tank houses where muckers took on wood and water and the creatures where he played, were his tools. He sang about the railroad ladies in the Yellow Doggerel Yester Delta—and a woman with a "heart like a piece of railroad steel."

In his "Down the Delta Road"

Greenville and Chickalawee—well on the narrow slab of pavement that winds through one-maneuver houses, shore porches, and houses, like a Riverboat Road. On the narrow strip, the thick waves of big log trucks nearly blow you off the asphalt and into the wooded banks dotted with weeping gables.

So House always claimed Charlie was more Indian than black, others said he appeared

safe enough in the fall-like sun that and persona and booted pants and patches—it had to group that does not remain out of the present in the memory. It has less leg portions of its population, what the Yellow Dog closed up, the Grey Dog opened Cheap store and hot dogs and used cars made it the road to freedom, it took any sharpshooter who could manage it north—and with them, al-



thing," he sang of going "to a world unknown," which could have described just about all the world outside of the Delta. His music was punctuated by the tap of his hand on the body of his guitar—you can hear this piano piano in his most famous song, "Pony Blues," which begins, "Huck up my pony, saddle up my black mare / I'm gonna find a home, baby, in the world somewhere. It is not a song about home.

To keep cooking and rambling, in the absence of any possibility of escaping, was to lead into a response above the rest: a sense of desecration. So piano-singers became acrobats. They sang most of his vortuoso from carrying up to the kitchen tables. They had to respond to less personal necessities—such as much less power. At Doe's, you enter through the back, through the kitchen. There is a propane generator, the smallest weighs a few pounds.

To eat a Doe's meal and see the beauty of the Delta's rural

amenities, the Moon to be harvested and adulterated in Memphis, in Los Angeles, in Chicago, with the hardware elements of the music

Cheep train and bus fares and used cars made 6.1 the road to freedom.

being comparatively cheap, like a drug store value measure exponentially at a cut.

Family has been punctured, and I, I have that Memphis blues and St. Louis blues and Chicago blues have their reverse, but they sound just prefabricated to me. I can no longer return to R. B. King, who sings his blues companion and son with Republic's can paleness, without thinking he sounds like companion with Charlie—like Blue John.

The few surviving bluesmen sing as like conductors, with

Delta blues

What you do find, on photographs you along the, are big black-leathered piano-advertising gospel shows. The devil's music has lost to the Lord's music. This was explained to me by the Reverend Stevens, who runs a little grocery on 6.1 outside of Vicksburg, which he has turned into a family of cedar block towers, American flags, Christian and Masonic symbols. It is a piece of the roadside amateur art that along 6.1 is now officially sanctioned as the early blues.

"You will see the fauna," he said, I thought of J. Edgar Hoover. "The tourist bureau," he specified. "They and all these German and Japanese up here had strong Japanese the other day, who sang his blues companion and son with Republic's can paleness, without thinking he sounds like companion with Charlie—like Blue John.

The few surviving bluesmen sing as like conductors, with

© The Timberland Company

© The Timberland Company

Whatever you look in the leather—wherever you find holes

You find wrinkles with scores of slightly arranged perforations.

You find headwars with scores of needle holes. Mountain Cone mountain Boot shoe. Ultralight for easy walking. Lightweight comfort sole for weightless walking.

Built by a team waterproof, each of these shoes has enough openings to allow a doggy.

But we're the Timberland company and you have to understand where we got our start. Over twenty years ago, we were exclusively a manufacturer, and we were the first people to successfully produce the leather sporting boots that were really popular.

The boots we know that are why we're able, today, to build wrinkle and headwars, fully waterproof leather you could go walking.

Learn one. Select only the cream of the world's leather crop, then spend the money to impregnate every part with silicone at the same time the leather is

© The Timberland Company

headwars require a different solution, but one that also holds back to use four days, when we become an early collector of the WL Cone

© The Timberland Company

Boots, shoes, clothing, wind, water, earth and sky.

DRYTON-HUDSON MARSHALL FIELD'S



This shoe has 3 1/2 holes. How do you make it waterproof?

Composition of waterproof breathable GORE-TEX® fabric.

To waterproof the small holes of a headwear sole, we use an exclusive technique in which Timberland saddle glaze leather is laminated to a GORE-TEX fabric. Once we place this inside the sole, you have a shoe that's as open and that's waterproof. Open to air and

that right to water. Completely controlled, in other words, both inside and out.

So now if we ever have the chance of Will Stoen, every Timberland waterproof shoe ever in character in a world that will never see a headwear. The company, sandals and marshalls where our boots were born.

Which makes Timberland shoes more than waterproof.

They're water proven.



Man At His Best

THIS TRAIL, renowned through the side of a small hill, through what had been a sagebrush thicket. There was a fire in the air, and there was still some color left, though it was late in October, past the peak for foliage in Vermont. This was the time to be out carrying a shotgun, which the first of us were doing.

The killdeer might have been good for some birds a couple of years earlier, but had been changed into something of a "sporting clays" source. I'd been hearing about sporting clays for months, and now a friend had come to visit for a couple of days, giving me the excuse to try.

Our guide led the way up the path to a clearing that looked out over a modest valley. A creek flowed through the valley, shaded by numerous trees in their fall splendor.

"This is in season," he said. "I'll give you a couple of overhand-pins. Following birds."

He explained that a following pin is one bird, then another. Sometimes the second is released ("an repeat")—when the shooter fires or the first bird. At other times, it's released before or after, at the guide's discretion.

"Who wants to go first?" he asked.

Being an average wing shot who can, from time to time, go on a streak, I volunteered. For someone accustomed to grasses in thick cover, the clear view over the hill drew looks too easy.

"Call for them when you're ready."

I stood behind a small laurel lattice, kept my gun under my arm, and said, "Pull."

A black duck the size of a desert duck sailed over my head, like a feather duster with purpose. As I watched the trajectory, another duck came on behind it, at a different angle. They landed far and suddenly against the blue morning sky.

I dropped a shell in such a hurry, closed the gun, and held it in front of me, my thumb on the safety.



From Duck to Dust

By Geoffrey Norman

"Pull."

I single the first bird easily enough. The shot exploded in a fine smoke cloud. As I followed my work, the second bird sailed over the hillside, quivering slightly, and I lunged at it, taking the trigger while I was still a few feet off. The disk settled on.

"Next pair." Oh well, I'd be quaker next time.

"Pull."

I was quick on the first bird and moved hurriedly across my lead on the second and stopped the third. One for four.

The day started like fire and the sport that ends last of a pastime, especially when my wife and my friend each won twice for four.

"We moved on to the next station, a small house perched on high ground, like a perching duck.

I went out for four. And again

course was. Nobody wants to look over your shoulder with a gun.

We wound around the hillside, stopping every five or six yards to call for birds that flew in some new pattern. Then it was dead liquor for a sporting clays

The only thing missing is a dog moving through the brush, trying to find scent.

course. Like a good grill embers, it takes advantage of the available occasion. The walking and the changing scenery, the easy companionship and banter between birds, add to the appeal. You are off. The only thing missing is a dog up ahead, moving through the brush, trying to find scent.

Some very courses have opened around the country, with programs for those that may in another state. You can buy very good and very expensive game designed especially for the sportsman: waders, gloves, and other items. Some enthusiasts, touched with a sense of anthropomorphism, dress up in tweeds, kilts, and kilimane pants and carry loads of useless baggage.

It is necessary, however, to make believe you are a guest at James Mason's house on a-driven shot to enjoy the sport. In fact, the further you get from the idea that sporting clays is some kind of gentlemanly hunting, the more you are likely to enjoy it on its own merits.

We shot all morning, then ate a picnic lunch outside the lodge. I was feeling a bit of vaguely undefined uneasiness when I heard the familiar sound of revelling game. It took a while to find the location, sandwiched amid a thicket, were the V in the sky. I watched, as I always do, and a moment later a good day family to be out.

We had three for four at the last station, putting us at 10 percent for the day. We would have taken all night in close twenty-five holes.



FENDI

timepieces

Steel-Made Timepieces From \$200 to \$1000 Water-Resistant to 5ATM Case & Quartz

Imagnin

Saks Fifth Avenue



In September, Mitsubishi
launched the new 3000GT.
Never has the term
"launch" seemed more
appropriate.

The term "launch" usually refers to the
leisurely public introduction of a new car.

With the Mitsubishi 3000GT, it more
accurately describes what happens when you
turn the key, shift into gear, and step on the
gas pedal.

Six cylinders, 24 valves and twin inter-
cooled turbochargers produce 300 horsepower
at 6000 rpm. And 0-60 mph times in 5.6
seconds.*

Mitsubishi's exclusive VR-4 technology
provides an appropriately sophisticated guidance
system. It integrates all-wheel drive, four-wheel
steering, four-wheel independent suspension
and four-wheel anti-lock brakes. Giving you a
degree of control that is rarely approached even

in the most expensive exotic.

In fact, the 3000GT VR-4 might be the
most exotic sports car in history. With its ex-
clusive Active Aero System™ to further stabilize the
car above 50 mph. An electronically self-adjusting
suspension. Active Exhaust™ to reduce exhaust
noise in populated areas. Only the price is
unexotic—under \$31,000.**

Call 1-800-447-4709 for your nearest
Mitsubishi Motors dealer, who would be glad to
help you achieve lift-off.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail. Mitsubishi does not encourage excessive speed or illegal driving.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail under \$31,000 based on base MSRP by the U.S. Mfg. Dept., all options and state taxes.

MITSUBISHI 
The word is getting around.

Man At His Boat



HOUSE HUNTING

L.A. by the Lake

By Paul Schneider

The Place: Silverlake, Los Angeles, is a mile around the lake, and various roads leading into the surrounding hills. Tax assessor data shows,

The Architecture: Locals like to boast that Silverlake has the highest concentration of "Architect houses" around. These are houses by Frank Lloyd Wright, Stahl, Neutra, Bryn, and others. And others were mostly responsible for the occasional house buyer and duplex scattered around the neighborhood.

The Market: This is L.A., so the bottom-in two-bedroom, two-bath house for a quarter acre—single goes for a not-unreasonable \$135,000, but Silverlake isn't Bel Air, so the cap is about a mere \$1 million. Almost every house has some view of the lake, but houses in more, and the best views can add as much as \$10,000 to the price. Several factors make the west side of the lake more—say, 25 to 30 percent—desirable. All the telephone and electricity wires are underground, all the

wires traverse pleasantly along the sides of the hills (so the east side they climb straight up the sides). Also, the east side of the lake has the area's only "gated neighborhood"—real estate development.

The Outlook: The party definitely peaked some time ago—gates are the only wide appreciation in the upper-income ranges. But the parts are still moving about, spreading their Napa Valley may, houses in Silverlake continue to move as youngish, "second-moved-in." Families trade up, and younger first dealers and TV types move in. Look for present appreciation over the next few years.

The Plus: Silverlake has good schools, good views, a pleasant neighborhood feel at reasonable prices. Plus, it's almost as trendy as Melrose Avenue.

The Catch: All of the above is by the standards of Los Angeles. On a clear day in Silverlake, you can see the lake. ■

THE LISTING

New Home:
"Midcentury
Contemporary"
1000 sq. ft.
Three to four bedrooms
on the west side.
Lots of over-
reaching eaves
and a lake view.
Address:
\$9,000. Asking
price: \$125,000.
Sources: Century
21, Post, Los
Angeles

Some Arrive... Others Make an Entrance

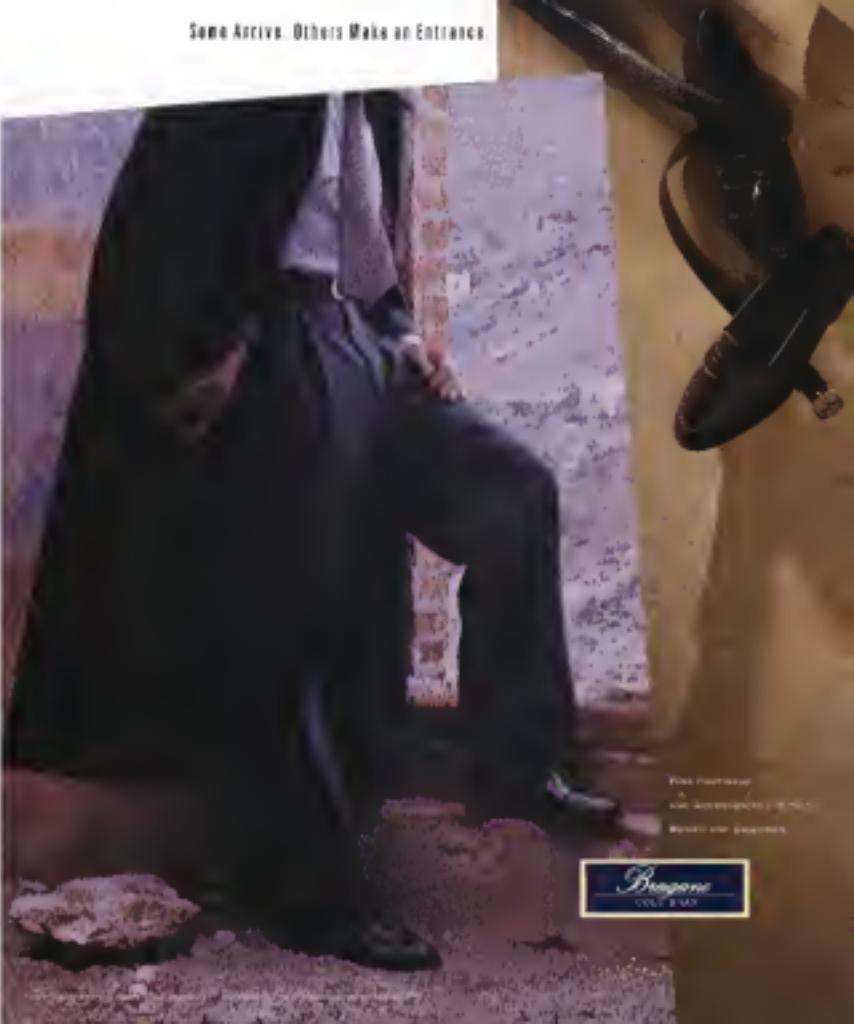


Photo: Frank Lloyd
A
Architectural Record
House
Westside realty

Brasserie
COLE & MAY



Discover the Lands' End Experience
of quality, value and service.
Please call for a free catalog of clothing,
soft furnishings and occasional surprises.
Toll-free 1-800-256-4444
or write Lands' End, J-78
Lands' End Lane, Dodgeville, Wisconsin 53539

"He squeezes the toothpaste from the bottom.
And he drinks Johnnie Walker Red."



Good taste is always an asset

© 1991 Johnnie Walker & Sons, New York, NY 10001

American Journal

The Neverglades

By Pete Hamill

I FIRST SAW THE Everglades as the spring of 1956. I was a kid then, poorly disguised as a sailor of the United States Navy, and my guide was the prettiest woman I've ever known. She had a bottle green trap Ford, and just entering in Pensacola she told me to take a walk's leave. She was going to show me Key West. I did what I was told and off we went. She drove, barking along, mouth along the coast from Pensacola, swearing at trade drivers and tourists, drinking Jax beer all the way. We slept on a deserted beach, with puka boats sailing above us in the lagoon. We dined in Hawk Williams and Webb Berray's on a shantyboat for a cream soufflé and had to light our way out. She had coconut juice for breakfast. We looked as gaunt as bats in the jaguar's eye. Since there was no radio, she talked all the way. I never laughed in much again.

Then, before dawn, at Naples, she turned west on the Tamiami Trail. And stopped talking.

In silence, a lavender wash covered the world. We parked and stepped out of the car. I looked out at a flat, empty prairie, an expanse relieved by the occasional silhouette of mangrove trees against the black early-morning sky.

"What is that?" I asked. "Where are we?"

"Lones," she whispered.

And I heard them, for old, almost imperceptible at first, then, high, and then like the roar of a million whips coming the air. They came out that edge of the horizon and then the sky was black with them. Birds. Thousands of them. Tens of thousands. Maybe a million. I believed in fear and awe. The women held back my city-boy's hand. And then the vast clear flock was gone. The great naked bulk of the sun soared over the horizon.

"We're in The Everglades," she said.

Pete Hamill writes the columns monthly for *Esquire*.



glades River of Grass. I saw Budd Schulberg's wonderful movie, *Wind Across The Everglades*. In the years that followed, I drove across them again, took small boats down into Florida Bay, where the waters of the Glades empty, traveled with a tour guide into the eerie mists of mangroves at the edge of the land. Then, somehow, it became too late for wandering through wild places. Twenty years went by. When I saw the Glades again, it was less twenty thousand less, on my way somewhere else.

Still, they were always there, past of America, part of my youth, a wet, uncharmed vacation in my imagination. Occasionally, I would read stories about the problems of the Glades and how they were dying up. Once in a while, there would be a press conference, showing thousands of acres on fire. Most and more frequently, there were problems that the whole world might be dying. I decided I better go back before The Everglades joined all the other marshes that have been taken out of the world I knew while I was young.

The first stop was Miami, which, like every other city in southern Florida, loves off its ecosystem. "If The Everglades die, Miami dies, too," said Fred Hodges, a friend of The Everglades "It's as simple as that."

I arrived toward the next few days, and it was clear even to a man with what imagination that Hodges and the others were right. The Glades are in trouble.

The fruits are easy enough to find.

Legendary English Flying Machines.
One Is Still Available For \$39,700.*
We Won't Venture A Guess On The Other.



When you're a parent and you are offering your children things that are not healthy choices, then you're giving them a lesson on how to make choices.

Perhaps the symbol that best captures the spirit of those who fought valiantly in the Battle of Britain 50 years ago is the English fighter plane, the Spitfire.

Jugger is proud to have had a part in building these fighters and is equally proud to participate in a commemoration of this historic event, held this summer in Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

The same devotion we gave to the production of high performance flying machines half a century ago attends to the

machines we build today. Consider the Jaguar XJS. It's been everyman's performance car; it also reflects the refinement that is a part of the Jaguar heritage. Response and agility are provided by Pagan's 4-liter, 223 horsepower engine, matched to an electronically controlled automatic transmission and by Bremi 1000-series and low-wheel independent suspension.

Inside the XJS, Japanese luxury is evident in such details as hand-finished walnut graining the doors and fascia, comorund

J A G U A R

As the number of nodes in the network increases, the average degree of the nodes decreases, and the network becomes more sparse. This is reflected in the values of the parameters $\langle k \rangle$, $\langle k^2 \rangle$, and $\langle k^3 \rangle$, which all decrease as the number of nodes increases.

The Profit Motive

Under the Boardwalk

By Joseph Nocera

EVIDENCE for basking this up at the hardware, but has anyone contradicted the possibility that Donald Trump's downfall is at least a little bit connected to the fact that he had so many of his eggs in that buffalito little basket of *l'isola* called Atlantic City? State, he expanded for progress, believed his own press, bigger than even the great Trump has in gay his belt. He made all the classic mistakes. But when I think about Trump's unpronounceable, it's Atlantic City I keep coming back to. Atlantic City, where that grand neoclassical, the Taj Mahal, houses over shams and pompos, Atlantic City, where Trump's Castle—or, more deliciously, the nearly-in-decline Trump's Castle—is now hard by reason, impaled on late, Atlantic City, where more than a decade after its last gambling was up-posed to commence, the most visible feature remains as phantasm.

And, I might add, Atlantic City, where when you drive into the parking garage of the Taj, the first thing you see is a sign that reads, IT'S NEVER JUST POLITICS AND TAXES. I saw that sign a few weeks before Trump's travels became into public news, but it gave me a hint of what was coming. As I pushed the button and watched the tick-tock, I logically assumed, I thought, I could smell a faint whiff of desperation.

Had come to Atlantic City because it was curious about the relationship he sees between the cruise industry and his been bair up along the boardwalk and the still-prize towns in which it exists. The opening of the Tropicana earlier this year had given me a slew of rooms along the "golden" Atlantic City—rooms in thirty-five thousand people, most of them black, many of them desperately poor, a place where crime and drugs are rampant, prostitutes are everywhere.



**There's a lot more
hunting in Atlantic City than**

Donald Trump

and the audience has taken out. There is the

men had become such a staple that Atlanta City officials even had a name for it. "So," they would say as you arrived for your interview, rolling their eyes ever so slightly, "you're here to do the tale of two cities?" In the next breath, they would add sarcastically if you had taken "the photo" you.

"The photo," while inevitably accompanied these storm stories, shows some hardly conceivable house in the Atlantic City gulf, with the gleaming New York skyline hovering in the background. An simpler message—indeed the message of almost all of these stories—is that the comes had failed to arrive Atlantic City.

Then, a few months later, when Donald Trump got into office, there was another shot of **SEIGEL** news. Atlanta City annexed about one-third of the "suburb" in the eastern suburbs, and the annexation of the market, and the problems with the cable and fiber problems. **SEIGEL**, in other words, that concentrated on the business of the cable and made a series of the city of two years. It was at that time that **SEIGEL** was sold, two, **SEIGEL** went, for the business page. Now that I've been to Atlanta City, though, it seems that the business page is not the business page where the rate of two cents belongs. You simply cannot separate the industry that exists in Atlanta City from the fact that it exists in Atlanta City.

"I didn't cause the problems Atlantic City is having," Donald Trump says in that obviously knowing tone. This one could, in my estimation, tell all the reasons people are pointing the finger at the ca-
is to happen at Atlantic City who so many people are
to see Trump yourself, but
for another day. I have
a basic case against the in-
take in millions of dollars Atlantic City prospers—de-
of the most popular
and we understand knowing
allowing the city to run
its office to prep up the cal-
Trump's comments, from him
to this we adduce and have
a message of "the place" is

wrong. What you see in Atlantic City are all the signs of modern America: the same problems that exist in New York and Philadelphia and Los Angeles. And whatever else you want to say about Trump, you can't say he is responsible for the problems of urban America. Neither are any of the other casino operators. They didn't cause the poverty in Atlantic City, nor are they the sole reason there is a drug problem or a homeless problem, though it has to be said, because home ownership has declined. Land prices, which have risen astronomically and have become a major impediment to redevelopment, would have gone up no matter which industry had been designated to "save" Atlantic City. It just happened to be gambling.

In fact, I'd go a step further and say that gambling has done pretty much what was intended to do—what any industry does, anywhere in America. Industries are not designed to cure social problems, their chief social function is to produce jobs and prosperity. In Atlantic City, casinos have clustered close to forty-eight thousand jobs—in a city of thirty-five thousand people—with salaries that average around \$14,000. And they've produced prosperity as well. South Jersey is in the middle of an economic boom, driven mostly by the gambling industry. Atlantic City is ringed with new housing stock and shopping malls, and all the other signs of growth. That this prosperity has not reached the city proper is hardly surprising, as soon as people in Atlantic City had enough money, they did what the middle class has been doing for decades: They moved to the suburbs. (That's also why the population has dropped by 40 percent in the last fifteen years.) Revenue? Casinos have been a gold mine. 8 percent of the gross value—not profits, mind you, but gross—goes to the state, with another 14 percent siphoned for Atlantic City's urban-centered project at night, Atlantic City ought to be swimming in money.

But it's not, because the operators that the casinos have failed. In fact, what the casino operators really show is that the nation of jobs above cannot reverse a depressed urban area. Thirty years ago that may have been true, but in urban America today, the problems are just too deep. One black political I spoke to, on the far left of the center, admitted that what was most needed was "for our people to start to get their minds turned around toward working again, instead of welfare."

Surely that speaks less in a failure of industry than in a failure of government in

The Political Matrix

Atlantic City has been massive. The strands of the state toward the city have been to hold it more and grab the money. Republicans were poised that they'd prevent the enforced separation of casinos and towns, but instead, no one in the casino business can be involved in local politics. Casino employees must work for the city for the highway into town, and then have to sit and train work. Supposedly this was to prevent a rise in tax collections, but the proved effect has been to reduce the casinos. All the money that would normally "trickle down"—to local governments and local associations and local shops—crumbles out to the suburbs instead.

The remake of the city is state controlled, funded in its slip policies and corruption like the last major tax office in disgrace (in New Jersey), case of all, by the city government, and recently was run mainly by blacks, and the casinos are run by whites. Racial politics has ruined everything that has happened in Atlantic City. It has had a purifying effect on everyone. "You can't say anything around here now without someone calling you a racist," one casino operator told me. In the black

agreement that they'll only use their power to push their own interests, she notes, vanishes.¹⁰ And he's right. Like every other state, the Trump app rolled the city when they were looking for moving charges. But why should this be out of a school? How did Atlantic City expect the citizens to act? That's what companies do—they act in their own interest. To believe otherwise is to mislead fundamentally the nature of capitalism and the role of corporations in this country.

The crucial error the casinos made, then, was not that they acted selfishly. Rather, it was that they defined their self-interest so narrowly—that they focused so completely on the men of doing business, and forget about the fact that that is Atlantic City's wealth. In fact, of course, they were simply wrong. The most other corporations, which tend to focus the major social problems of the day to government because it doesn't make any business sense to do otherwise. But it's different in Atlantic City. Atlantic City's problems are very much intertwined with the business prospects of the casinos.

The middle-class city-trippers, who come by chartered bus and leave the same day, have been Atlantic City's bread and butter. For more than a decade, therefore, the casino operators could go away with being marginalized because there were so many day-trippers and so few tourists. Not too long ago, remember, people had to line up along the boardwalk just to get into the casinos. Some one with a freight might have realized that there was a future to this market, that the novelty would wear off, that there was something fundamentally flawed about a tourist town dominated by the underclass. But no did. Everyone was too busy making money.

And then Trump built the Taj, and everything changed. There weren't lines out the door anymore. Revenue were down, and the city was at market saturation. In many respects, the Taj is a monument to the blinding narrowness of vision that has been so dominant in Atlantic City. Trump knew that the addition of the Taj, with its enormous 18 percent increase in the city's gambling capacity, would cause problems, he just assumed they wouldn't be his problems. And therefore he didn't care. He never cared. "Trump would just as soon use the area as an off-shore business and Atlantic City run to rubble so long as his casinos are making money," one casino operator told me. My feeling

**Someone might have
realized that there was some-
thing flawed about
a tourist town dominated by
the underclass.**

community, meanwhile, that is a wide spatial feeling that the business of casino gambling, have proved faulty.¹¹ All we get are the houses in the hopes they're¹² very typical comment, and the casinos get blamed for that. You think of all the towns that would kill for the chance to get forty-eight thousand jobs in a decade—you think about this a bigging companies to relocate elsewhere, offering tax abatements and free land and every other inducement you can think of—and the suspicion and paranoia that exists in Atlantic City is actually reasonable. But there it is.

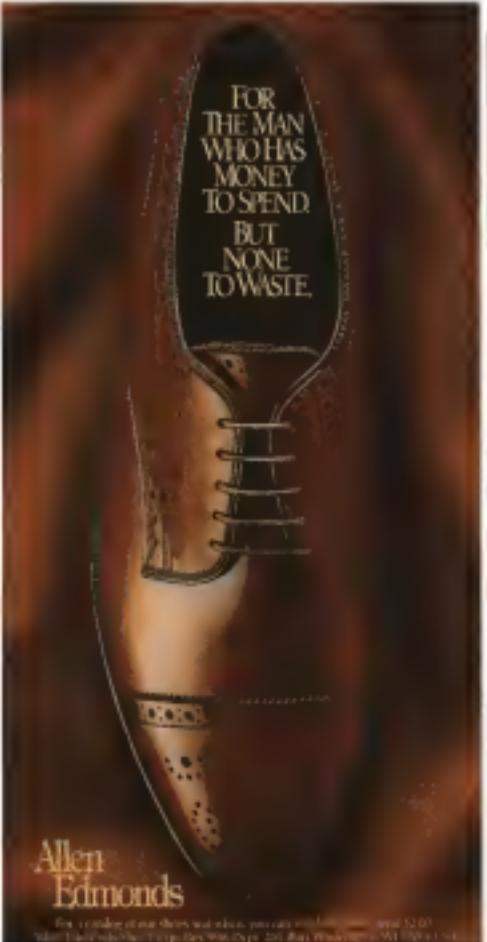
What you have now is all when you talk to Atlantic City officials is that the casinos only care about their own interests. "The casino operators like to claim they're power," one official told me, his voice dripping with contempt. "Because of the political bias. But everyone knows they have power. They have a gentleman's



The Tiffany Tress

Doublet sapphire-set in the Tiffany Town Collection
Watch in eighteen-karat gold with diamond bezel. At Tiffany & Co.
in New York, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, South Coast Plaza,
Dallas, Houston, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Atlanta,
Boston. Also in selected fine jewelers.
Toll-free 800-525-6849

TIFFANY & CO.



in that this attitude, as much on my part as in what has brought Young Town about, is that we must be considerate of the people who live in the city. I think that the city should be considered "upped out" with the addition of only one more town, Las Vegas, which is accessible to forty-seven people, in doing so as well as forty-seven citizens. The difference, of course, is that Las Vegas doesn't have the terrible social problems that Atlantic City has, and in a result the people who go there don't just gamble. They have conventions, they eat in restaurants, they shop, they spend money, they do all the things normal tourists do. Unless Atlantic City can alter that, the place is doomed.

The irony of the Tag Model is that the movement to one man's self-interest could wind up being the catalyst that prompts everyone else in Atlantic City to broaden their self-interests. Thanks to the Tag, the casino operators finally understood that the survival of their business is inextricably tied to the social conditions that exist in Atlantic City.

And so Caesar, to cite one small but telling example, has begun building housing blocks intended to bring back the middle class. That is being done because they're taking back much property over at Caesar's, it is being done because they realize these crucial areas in their horizon line to get the middle class back to Atlantic City. The real problems of Atlantic City are not "just" moral issues anymore. The Big East has made these business issues as well. It makes all the difference in the world.

Capitalists can soon especially benefit in Atlantic City, with disposable income being deposited if not curiously induces, and the lack of any income as all so obvious. Moreover, Atlantic City makes an ideal about the Atlantic of wealth to a degree, since most of what we prefer to ignore. The case concerned is that a few days there, the middle-middle-class gamblers didn't leave the boardwalk isn't enough that they are allowed of being regarded as they are, if of their own consciousness. It gives a chance to those square down a business line machine when you're conditioned with a bigger beginning for those same questions as he can get something to eat. That's never mentioned before to the people who run the city's service, but more in detail. And if it seems improbable that the economy of all education—will wind up doing something for capitalism's health when a one who has been able to come up with any answer, well, maybe it is a little improbable. These ages, economic self-interest has a way of blunting the need to do as much as good intentions alone can easily match. That's how capitalism operates, says Mr. ...

DANNY SULLIVAN ON WINNING



3-100 working, 100mm
14-100mm gold.

They say winning isn't everything...but somehow you know...they're probably not the winners. I say - go for the best - in everything you do.

And for me, the best is The Winner's Circle Ring. Crafted in solid sterling silver, 14 karat gold. Deep black onyx. All captured in a bold design. Real materials. Real style...and real value at just \$195. Exclusively from The Franklin Mint.

© 2010 Pearson Education, Inc. All Rights Reserved. May not be reproduced, displayed or modified without the prior written consent of the author.

Silver. Gold. Onyx. The Winner's Circle Ring.

The Franklin Mint
Special Order Dept
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 17021

Please send me the imported Winner's Circle Ring crafted in solid sterling silver, 14 karat gold and onyx.

I understand I need send no money now. I will be billed in five monthly installments of \$397 each, with the first due prior to enrollment.



Please mail by October 31, 1999

1224720

ANSWER

ANSWER

REFERENCES

1998-1999

Proposed new will be added to old group
with new name. This will facilitate
any future changes.

CAPTURE A BIRD OF PARADISE WITH OUR NEW PROCES METERING SYSTEM.

This was the land of Edie. A land filled with exotic creatures, perfectly spun rocks which grew from beneath the soil, and here among the gnarled roots of an ancient tree one of these creatures hatched with a pair of red wings. The set is a photography the Persian art of photography.

To capture a moment that seems to stretch the perimeter of reality you need a camera that can automatically respond to the situation in a sophisticated, technically accurate manner. We need the Pentax SF10 equipped with a system called PROCES metering.

Imagine standing in the shadows but wanting to capture your subject in direct or somewhat dappled light. To avoid under or overexposure our PROCES Metering System automatically compensates by taking separate readings from the background as well as the corner of the frame. The result will be an image transferred from your eyes to film.

Combined with the SF10's CENTIC Panel which relays all relevant information, you can see why this camera is considered user friendly.

The SF10 is the validation of a unique imagination and comes equipped with such features as Auto Focusing, Auto Exposure, and a built-in Retractable TTL Auto Flash. And for more information see your local Pentax dealer.

PENTAX SF100

Image 1000. The genius
in the details.

Action Health

Trauma Cases

By John Poppy

IF YOU'VE NEVER RUSHED TO AN emergency room, you haven't lived fully. Not that getting in among the bright lights and green scrub suits is any cause for pride, nor at all, it's just that when you do run into things that hurt, you're reminded that you're in the place intended for the beast. But now the severe life processes are out of hand. With emergency care around the nation in an emergency shell, none of us can be confident in who we were even a few years ago that we'll find fast medical help when and where we need it.

The emergency is not simply a case of knife-and-gun-club overload in the urban canes. Poor rural people, too, come up with closed fingers, falls, bad systems, breast wounds (inflamed or real), and sick children. That's nothing new, except that many people during the past twenty years have replaced the family doctor with the emergency entrance to a hospital. Somewhere in between is the only care they can afford—sheep-sheep-sheep of us have no health insurance, by our families' estimate, and federal law says emergency departments can't turn them away. Others you shirk "health care" means immediate high-technology for every ailment. Hospitals over extend the extra resources. Now many make their wait hours, even days. Some hospitals claim to lose as much money on patients who don't pay that they plan to downgrade their emergency service or abandon it altogether.

Children caught Julia and me the way to the emergency room. When our sheep boy still lived at home, hardly a week passed when we weren't ranging, "It's not again," at the local ER. The hospital should have pointed on a parking slot.

Our youngest son swallowed a sub-adult. Our older son used his motorcycle and his feet into the front of a VW bus. We waited one night to find our mobile



Emergency rooms

have reached critical mass.

Checked yours lately?

an quickly trying to stop the blood spurting from a hole he'd put in his thigh when a wood-carving chisel slipped. The older son's operation took one look, and landed himself like a telephone pole, opening his scarp on a doorway and spraying the hall with more blood. The Siberian Husky stood at the top of the steps with his mouth filled in a perfect O, sounding like the Call of the Wild. The youngest slept peacefully (that time—he'd already had his appendectomy in the middle of another night) while I found pillows in the back of the van and drove his brother, shivering, across the road, to the hospital.

One time, during a thank-you chat with a doctor who'd just taken up one

sun or another, I heard him say he was a dermatologist. Noticing my startled look, he explained, "We pull duty in the ER to help our hospital's prestige." My wife's brother looked flab, but I wondered how we'd been lucky enough not to see him or an orthopedic surgeon on the night of the appendectomy. Our hospital, like many others, has changed since then. A group of doctors formed the American College of Emergency Physicians (ACEP) in 1981, and in 1979, emergency medicine gained recognition as the seventh of the twenty-three major medical specialties. Now hospitals continually contract with emergency specialists, or keep them on staff, to run their ERs.

What's so hot for any child who's hurt or sick from now on? A recent ACEP survey found that emergency departments are busy—one of the fifty states reported overcrowding that can cause serious delays in treatment.

Even hospitals with no kid-and-adult problems have overcrowding," says Dr. John Johnson, this year's ACEP president. We discuss emergency services at Porter Memorial, a 120-bed hospital in Valparaiso, Indiana, forty-five miles from Chicago. "We don't have a crisis problem. The more crisis probably has no more than ten AIDS patients. In thirty-three thousand emergency visits a year, we get only about a thousand trauma [severe injury] cases. Yet at one point this January we had seventeen emergency patients waiting for beds for several days. We had to move them on a holding area to make

room for the usual flow of com and bunge, car accidents, and cardiac arrests.

"People put on blindfolds," Dr. Johnson says, "when they read the *New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and say, 'That's a big-city problem. I don't have to worry about that in Middle America.' They're wrong."

As usual, with problems this pervasive, solutions seem elusive. Will we ever persuade our politicians to overhaul the U.S. health-care system, even one state at a time? Will people ever call ambulances for strokes, myocardial arrests, and the other nonemergencies that account for about a third of the medical-emergency calls nationwide? The European nations' administrative political systems, so I suppose we can for this part of ours if we work at it. Meanwhile, how can one improve his or her odds in the emergency room? Come on up today!

On reflection, I realized I knew practically nothing about the current quality of our local emergency departments. Personal information doesn't always enhance public policy, but knowledge does generate an unpredictable sense of power, look at the new business since consumers are a look at lists of delinquent dying on the news. What if everyone started asking about what's going on in hospitals and understood the answers?

You can hardly expect emergency-department directors to deliver comparative studies of other hospitals. Besides, they're among the busiest people on earth, so I can't imagine tying up their phones with consumer questions. Hospital PR people and administrators are better set up for questions, but they have to keep the hospital's best interests in mind. Better to find place with an overview.

To go onward, I did have to bother a couple of emergency-department chiefs. Alan Gellis at St. Francis General, the busiest public hospital in my region, with eighty-four thousand emergency cases a year, is in a state where each of thirty-eight counties does much of its own medical budgeting and regulating, and John Johnson, the ACEP president-elect, where six of the state's twenty-one emergency services (EMS) will help from Patrick Dempsey at the National EMS Clearinghouse (part of the Council of State Governments, located in Lexington, Kentucky). I distilled their comments into the checklist of questions below.

We need such a list because there's an generally accepted EMS rating system, Trauma, a subset of emergency, does last rankings set by the American College of Surgeons—Level I trauma centers offer

more complete services and have more cases than Level II—but general emergency services don't.

Where to ask? Every state has an Emergency Medical Services director. Some also have regional or local EMS agencies, such as those in the California counties that determine personnel and set policy for ambulances and emergency departments. Look in the county-government pages of the phone book for one agency, or enter the public health department's Web address. If there isn't one, call the health department and ask for EMS information. You might end up calling the EMS director's office in the state capital. Of course, there's no law against calling hospitals. Despite my reservations, Dr. Johnson considers this the only authoritative resource available throughout all fifty states.

Will I wait to know about how overbooking systems, in-hospital and prehospital? Assuming that your emergency won't always require an ambulance, start with in-hospital questions. For nearby hospitals, you'll want to know:

1. **Do they keep an ER open twenty-four hours a day?** Scratch those that don't.
2. **In the ER, started by doctors twenty-four hours a day?** Some say they're "open"; others are elsewhere, on-call.
3. **Do the ER doctors specialize in emergency medicine?** How long have they been doing ER-based certification, a mark of professional expertise in older specialists, not all that important in emergency medicine, according to Johnson. The ACEP holds its first board exams in 2000, in the ten years since 5,212 of the 4,700 emergency physicians in the U.S. have passed. To qualify to take the exams, they must a training requirement of three-year residency programs or a practice requirement (seven thousand hours of work in an emergency department over five years), plus continuing education. "If a physician has been practicing emergency medicine full time for three to five years, you've probably got yourself a good doc," in Johnson's opinion, "whether or not he or she has ACEP-based certification on the wall."

4. **Are the ER nurses trained in emergency medicine?** They affect the quality of your care as much as doctors, if not more.

5. **Do the nurses actually bring resuscitation? Triage?** A bedside technique learned from the French word for "off"—separate urgent cases from those that are less. "You'd be no place to face the most acute your peer with somebody who can tell how sick you are," Johnson said, "you're not in an effective emergency department."
6. **How complete is the specialty staff review keeping up the ER?** You don't want an emergency team to remissive you and then

have to transfer you to another hospital to find, say, a neurosurgeon. The major specialties you want immediately available are surgery, both trauma and neurosurgery, orthopedics, pediatrics, obstetrics, and some medical—mostly cardiology and chest. The EMS Agency in San Francisco also includes burns and radiesthesia (monitoring several parts) on the list of specialties that a hospital must possess in staff can handle before it certifies an emergency room to take that type of patient.

T. What's the waiting time in the ER? Is it the absolute? Not the same thing as "average waiting time" or "throughput time" or other numbers that purport to measure efficiency in emergency departments, but that compare apples to oranges. The wait for elective cases should be zero, for a sprained toe in a thirty time, it could be hours. You want to know how long, on average, it takes for a patient to get into a bed after a doctor decides he or she should stop in the hospital. Another way to measure the same thing is overcrowding. How many days a year does a hospital report it has no clinical care beds available?

When an emergency looks like threatening, you're better off calling an ambulance than trying to find car keys while keeping someone breathing, and making the run yourself.

S. What staffing does this community require in its ambulances? At least one nurse should carry two paramedics trained and equipped for advanced life support. On others, an advanced paramedic may ride with an emergency medical technician, who has lower skills.

S. What is the average response time? In Seattle, whenever medical authority is the best U.S. city in which to have a heart attack, paramedics arrive in an average of six minutes. The **90th-percentile response time**? The number for 90 percent of paramedic arrivals is higher, but shouldn't be more than a minute or two more.

10. Do we have a two-for-one single-tier system? San Francisco needs a one-call response to Code Three calls (fights and so forth)—both a fire rescue truck and an ambulance. The reason, explains Dr. Gellis of St. Francis General, is that "our paramedic response time is about nine minutes, while fire response time is three to five minutes. Though firefighters can't do everything paramedics can, they can staff CPR, defibrillate, and perform other resuscitative tasks. You really want that first responder in about three minutes. If you heart stops and you don't get it there, you're dead."

I don't need a crash of bloodshot children now to underline the value of those questions—and of the answers they'll produce.

KAYOS.
SPORT-TIME FOR WINNERS.

THE ANSWER:
LOCARNO 4000 KEY
COLLECTION IS A
NEW GENERATION OF
ELEGANT SPORTS
WATERS. **READY**
TO GO WHERE YOU
WANT TO GO. **READY**
TO TAKE THE **INITIATIVE** WITH
THE SMOOTH
TIME CASE IN
WATER-RESISTANT
TECHNOLOGY, **WITH**
SWING-DOWN
CROWN AND **REFLECTIVE**
ANTI-REFLECTION
GLASS. **READY** FOR
SWIFT-PERIOD
TIMING. **READY**
THE TOUGH, DURABLE
STAINLESS STEEL **TECHNOLOGY** OR
IN THE CASE OF THE **CHRONOGRAPH**
READY A **HIGH**
PERFORMANCE
Movement WITH
HUNDREDS OF
IMPROVED
FEATURES. **READY** **SWIMMING**
AND THE STATE OF
THE MARSHALART.



The Locarno 4000 is a new generation of elegant sports waters. Ready to go where you want to go. Ready to take the initiative with the smooth time case in water-resistant technology, with swing-down crown and reflective anti-reflection glass. Ready for swift-period timing. Ready the tough, durable stainless steel technology or in the case of the chronograph ready a high performance movement with hundreds of improved features. Ready swimming and the state of the marshalart.

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

BOSTON — BIRMINGHAM — CHICAGO — WATKINSVILLE
CLEVELAND — DALLAS — FORT WORTH — BIRMINGHAM
LA JOLLA — LITTLE SPRINGS — LONG ISLAND — WILMINGTON, DELA.
LOS ANGELES — MARRIOTT & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS — MIAMI
MANHATTAN — FAIRFIELD JEWELRY — NEWPORT BEACH — TRANSITIONAL JEWELERS
NEW YORK — TORONTO, CANADA — WHITE JEWELERS — ZAHN JEWELERS — ZAHN & CO.

CALL 1-800-JLC-TIME FOR DETAILS NEAREST YOU.



At last,
perfection in a vodka:

Tanqueray Sterling

BANANA REPUBLIC

1245 BASIC JEAN JACKET
8 PANTS, \$41

Top Banana basic denim jacket

DEAD MEN DON'T SMIRK

Who, in the twenty-one years since *The Wild Bunch*, has earnestly condemned film violence without prompting a knowing smirk? Not even the mushiest pundit dares criticize George Bush's love of action-adventure films. Conservatives get indignant only about sex. Liberals see a diverting violent movie, like *Die Hard 2*, and exaggerate how great it is, as if to buy some form of wimp insurance. Even *Aunt Louise* in the sensible shoes has moved on

to several nips. Everyone knows *Movies don't kill, guns do. And drugs. And poverty. And fear.* And you'd be deplored enough to dole out some over a packet with a fiver.

But what makes them depressed? What makes them think life is so cheap? In West Germany, there is one murder per 100,000 men. In Japan, 0.1. In Arnold's Standard, 0.4. In the U.S., 21.9—nearly twice the rate of our major trading partners. Other countries have poverty and hopelessness, too. Something they may be missing: heroes every year go to high-hat brisades, are TV and movie idols who tell us our red coat and coat without any sign of what it means to die. Foreign audiences are via Rambo movies and hang-kid movies, even in the most obscure locales, but their mass culture is one per cask in the blood.

Give them time. With censored electronics gone and state cap-

ping money, violence may be our most exportable commodity. And it's the ticket for the world. We shake the trade gap and the death rate statistics around. If Hollywood says they might kill people, when does it tell us the ones that our kids have seen, check their rates again. Of course, we could now sit the box office with our foot, and sensible shoes. Save the children. *Boycott Hollywood.* Don't touch.

The Curve

SEVEN PAGES
IN THE LIFE OF THE
CULTURE



Nobody peddles mayhem like America. Ya wanna make something of it?

—J. K. MASTERS



SELLING

HOW MUCH CAN YOU SWALLOW?

By Mark Crayce Miller

Look on at those Old Friends. Could the scene be any friendlier? Fondly, in the kitchen's honeyed light, they crowd together, just like a happy family—or at least like the characters on *Thirtysomething*, which, at its worst, has inspired countless such dense ad-scenes of yuppie bonhomie. As all too often on that show, so here we have a cloying image of post-1960s sociability: lite chatter in a warm suburban house, where everyone can come to brunch and kid around.

And just, in the hawing light of this (not quite the copy), "kitchen get-together," the seeming merriment has, in fact, some bite. On one hand, there does seem to be a slight haze of adult libidinuity casting these upwardly mobile Abenians (relatively married, the host and hostess—the couple working at the stove—after having sex with each partner). The wife, a dead ringer for *Thirtysomething's* Nancy, giggles responsiveness as the Bronx-type whoogies behind her, while her once-adorable (or from *Friends* Dorothy look-alike) temps that other blonde with a mouthful of what appears to be raw beef. But such "opposites" as

Whitney? Beep! Beep! Beep!

closed in some. There's that black couple placed in the back ground, coexisting neither with the hot couple nor with each other, and there's that odd specimen on the left—the scene's least-engaged participant, and



drunks and past the meat around—admits that glossier lower is short our company. A single (stamped!) dinner? can't more (soybean!) strong at those festive (couple), has sold men out so compassionately out from the others by that clean island one, and also by those connoisseur bags of bread and salad that further separate him from his early post-meetings— that hungry feelings. Honda who stands in close to him, and yet ignores him, instead reading, fascinated, for the handbooks of meat. So evidence is the former between that Tom and his "friends" that he might as well be standing as the street like (in the) Daffy—an option symbolized by the front part of the (stated), as like a (wonderful) overdriving a brick facade.

Small wonder, then, that our specimen looks unhappy. While the others look around, mouths open, all set to laugh and eat (and laud), he sits with his compostion, and gaze fixed on—what? Does he want to bolt that look of meat, or is the looking at it a memory, writing that the Mondt would reach for him? Or is he staring past the others at the

number figure floating innocently with their eyes? Or is it a Four-eyes that he's about? But then growing game is potential, because what remains for the advertisement is, finally, not that we want this or that specific drug but that we feel down, always, by the desire to succeed everything. What we generally will in this (necessitated) anxiety, and that the endless multitude of products that are alleged to (sooth), and that never do.

While it seems to reinforce the joys of food and fellowship, this ad—like all ads—actually promotes a sense of urban depression. The host has nothing but his *Wheeler*, and if he drinks enough of it, passionately he'll have a (slimmer) the same gloss one with a (honeyed) or a (baccy) light, in fact, but with the ambi light of (mildness), which also glows within the (Wheeler) bright placed below the picture? "One taste and you'll be free!" This sense of (soberude), the ad implies, is in the (host) and the (light) glass, available to all the (lonely) people in the world, as long as they never get together. ■

hat matters

is not that

we crave

this or that

specific thing

but that we

feel driven,

always....



A
IT TOOK 6 PHOTOS TO DESIGN A VCR A 5-YEAR-OLD CAN USE.

Bring a VCR (selected models) receive a degree in ELECTRONIC ENGINEERING. Then if you purchase VCR SOS, the new model by T+L's easy-to-learn, no-skill programming and fun features, DIRECTOR will make you a creative wizard in no time. By yourself, spend more time enjoying your VCR (and you will be programming it). The result of T+L's sight and sound made better.



SANSUI
ENGINEERED TO FIT YOUR LIFE

MOVIES

WHY WE'RE MARRIED TO THE MOB

By Michael Sragow

Francis Coppola himself couldn't have drummed up more anticipation for the late-1990 release of *The Godfather, Part III* than the fusillade of gangster films that strafed theaters this summer and fall. The 1930s and 1940s cartoon grotesques of *Dick Tracy*, the roaring-1920s racketeers and political bosses in *Miller's Crossing*, the swiggin' English sadists

who are *The Krays*, the contemporary mafiosi of *The Professor*, and Martin Scorsese's *GoodFellas*—they're all, in some way, the godchild ren of Coppola and Marlon Brando, and their mythic creators, *Don Corleone*.

When *The Godfather* came out in 1972 and *The Godfather, Part II* arrived a couple of years later, the story of Don Corleone promoting his young son for a lawful career—only to see his take over the Don's criminal empire—was partly explained by elevating the American gangster stories to a peak of tragic irony. Using his education and cold-bloodedness, Michael Corleone repays the family business. His methods dismantled Pacific奸商's secret strength in the Klan—"A lawyer with a brain can steal more money than a thousand men together." For many of the college kids who second-fished bits of dialogue from both *Godfather* movies, the Corleone saga was a rite of passage for living instead of an



showing soliloquy. I made fun of it after I could've refute, might have been the reason for all money-gatherers who came of age in the '70s. How different was the arc of the deal from the Corleones' act of the stuff!

The epuation that the Godfathers espoused became a given in crime movies (Starfire, Once Upon a Time in America) and TV series (Blame Your Mama, Step by Step, Whoopi). For grown-ups like sharks, they've got to keep moving or die die. No more low. *The Godfather, Part III* turns out, Coppola's reservoir of already exhausted subjects for his last film is a sensible early serp. That's why Coppola deserved for the third *Godfather* repre-

It covered each familiar tapes as drug dealers, CIA hawks, and terrorist. And in Coppola's own words, according to *Entertainment Weekly*, Michael Corleone seeks to legitimize the Corleone business by securing a stake in a European multimillion-dollar comic concern, with the Vatican as its stockholder.¹² It's a prequel also—the unified Europe of the '90s is America's new frontier.

In *Miller's Crossing*, the Corleones' blood simple, Raging Animal, and it's nearly as anti-social as preposterous. That film is all enormously nervous and "conflicted"—which makes it natural for opening night of the New York Film Festival. *The Godfather* doesn't. When you do, both wind being reading fresh to their gangster-movie grandstanding, they also lack old fashioned "heat." They are no higher than it up the ante on your *Godfather* pessimism. Guy officials that their forces openly from our crime boat to another; the police are hired guns.

The movie hangs on the reality between an Irish chef (Albert Finney) and an Italian longjohn (Jon Voight), the amazeballs is the Corleone's right-hand man, Rose (Calvin Borel), who loses his love between the two mafiosi. Unlike Coppola, who turns the Corleones in liquids out of a Shakespeare play about a royal family, the Corleones their passions as full gory, and tragic human. That is surely the main function the man, meant to be an upscale, cerebral adviser. He can't be tragic because

he does not have far enough to drop it in if Coppola had an *unreal* *The Godfather* around Tom Hagen.

Perhaps, in their own manner than those who the Corleones to create a literary figure for a bit nostalgic age. But only a Kafka

The Corleones are
more tragic but check
at recognizability



There are some
occasions when Courvoisier
does mix with water.

COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoléon

100 SECONDS TO GRANITÉ

A book upset for days its fury
is read the rooms



THE BOOK: *The General in His Labyrinth*—El general en su laberinto, if you want to be pretentious about it (Ramp, \$19.95).

THE AUTHOR: Gabriel García Márquez, Colombia's third-best-known export. Novelist, lifelong novelist, author of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, *Love in the Time of Cholera*, and various short stories with even longer titles. An all-too-rare combination: highbrow literature that is generally popular.

THE PLOT: In 1830, General Simón Bolívar set out to conquer the Andes and liberate South America. He did, but the new, increasingly unpredictable, post-colonial, and frequently as a revolutionary hero, Bolívar has decided to return to represent himself as a European exile. But he is mortally ill, and the novel interweaves his memories and bitter musings about the present with clinical descriptions of his physical degeneration. The "holygrail" that the General cannot get out of his last days—and Latin America's tortured future.

THE CONTEXT: Bolívar (1784–1830) is referred to as "the Liberator" of most of Latin America. When *The General* was first published in 1985, many Latin Americans viewed him either as García Márquez's masterfully researched, bitterly realistic portrait of their greatest hero or a deadweight, banal literary exercise. To get an idea of the effect this book had, imagine a historic novel in which George Washington not only drops down the chimney

into, but gets out. (First, however, imagine that U.S. citizens actually care enough about their own history to read.)

OPTIONAL ADD-INS/DRINK: While García Márquez can credit to the top of our best-seller list with the greatest of care, he is technically restricted from entering the country by the U.S. Customs-Warren Act, which is fine. Representatives tried for intercepting the dangerous drugs of Fidel Castro (who, incidentally, wrote an introduction to *the book*).

OPTIONAL ADD-INS/DRINKS/FOODS...IN A QUIET, REASSEMBLABLE DISCUSSION

► THE INTERVIEWER: Where are the dressed angels, the dead stars of yesterday? There's no such malice in The General, not enough of the major set to cause us to suspect García Márquez. He's taken his暮暮 (miserable) prose, Latin American fiction's greatest natural resource, and defiled the whole thing, leaving a lot of scattered earth and only a few red stamp of snarper.

► THE CRITIC: I'm not the first to point

out his cleaning up ground, reflecting new fields

of inspiration. After all, the people of Latin American major realism can become so overgrown in the cockpit lists of North American snubbers are barren. García Márquez, for many years a newspaper reporter, is exercising his journalistic skills, which are at least as precious as his narrative ones.

► THE CAMPFIRE LITERATE: It's about time to get his politics back where his pen is. Where One Hundred Years of Solitude turned the reader into a literary tourist, gawking at the sights of history, *Chronicle* now hangs us back down in earth, forcing us to digest the dirt of his country's history. Instead of creating new myths, he's deflating old ones, a much more important task for the truly committed writer.

HOW TO SMOKE FURTHER

DISCUSSION FOR WORKERS

THROUGH THE SPHERE

1. THE ESTATE-SMOKING THROUGH BASICALLY MEANINGLESS LITERARY CRITICALITY: The General in His Labyrinth is the best Latin American novel about kicking the butts since Carlos Fuentes' *The Death of Artemio Cruz*.

2. THE CIGAR-SMOKING DISCUSSION: Old Latin American烟斗 never die, they just fade away over hundreds of pages as another Latin American smokes.

—John-Christophe Castel



For people who
like to smoke.



BENSON & HEDGES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method



[Gravity] It's what's wrong with ~~any~~ pair of shoes you've ever owned.



Most people are content
making shoes that
fit flat, but we make shoes
that sit in the planet.
Shoes that fight gravity
where it lives.
Shoes with Tensile Air®
come from Nike. Basically,
we took everything we
learned from making
athletic shoes and squished
it down to an
eighth of an inch so it fits
beautifully into
shoes by Cole Haan. You
can't see Tensile Air,
but you'll know it's there.
Unfortunately, the
same can be said of gravity.



Tensile Air®
available only in the
Cole Haan Tensile Air
Collection

Introducing [Tensile Air] Defy gravity.
created by Nike



WHY MTV MATTERS

By Michael Hutchins

SINCE MTV's inception in 1981, the network's impact has been so pervasive as to affect how music, movies, and advertising are made, how we watch television, how we relate to the commercial world's efforts to broadcast us into consumption, even how we measure time. Needless to say, much of this impact has been seen as negative. No surprise, really, since MTV during its early years featured a numbingly steady diet of the blandest of corporate pop product, aestheticized

exploitation, a ready validation of the excesses of consumerism, and a puffy Church of the Sub�ous opacity it twin- and to some extent remains—a vacuous, neutered-in-a-whole-wild, hype-and-gratification obsessed era, when even the stars of culture at condition

Has MTV hammed the end of Western civilization, as those in general慈悲ous misgivings about the nefarious findings of the "MTV generation" would suggest? At most certainly not. Blaming MTV for sowing the American mind has always been a patriotic exercise, given television's immaturity, mercenary, and a long tradition of mediocre programming. Far from representing a decline in artistry, MTV in recent years has maintained a tradition for visual creativity and cathexis of taste. The network that once tried to play the muse of Michael Jackson because a certain "black" man had spurred the rise of rap music's poetic voice and has promoted a wide range of avant-garde culture, were about as consistent. No commercial, and few public, in

medium. While music music drives television, a television by the thoroughly mindless as the sitcoms, the game shows, or the soap operas, MTV has introduced tech programming as well, a usually dismal educational program to keep it all but unwatchable. Yet MTV keeps a back-music-video show that allows suburban kids to experience virtually all the thrill of photo-bombing and gang warfare and Club MTV, Deon's own Julie Brown's dance show, which broadcast the latest dance and fashion crazes only weeks after they were launched at Powerhouse or Le Palace de Beaubourg.

But MTV's true programming shows in its use of what else where on the dial would be more like. MTV's filers, writers to create that cushion the music atmosphere. (These days, only Madonna, Janet Jackson, and a handful of up-and-comers release to those with imagination, anyway.) The basic music identification signs are at times mindfully severe, as are the head—and I mean head—cameras and discussions segments apportioned well by tally throughout the day. And where else could you find Los Bandidos, for no reason other than nostalgic fun, reciting the lyrics to "I'm a Bad Dancer on Your Train" speech from

Macbeth? Even the backdrops and when the video jockeys are on-camera show originality and care. Look for one where in the left corner of the screen Madonna's dances are set in motion. On most television stations, the advertising is the most interesting thing to watch; on MTV, the advertising seems deadly.

The MTV programmers have

arrived on to a fundamental

change in the way Americans watch television, and by extension the world; a change other networks have been slow to grasp. With concert tours at hand, videos today will, after a few brief seconds, cap any show that leaves them, searching the bottoms of their cable system for

MTV's star
rock, rap, but
bring back

something, anything, that is interesting. MTV has learned that in music beat the companion image for image, split-second for split-second, throughout the day—in this new world, a half hour might as well be a lifetime, gratification is a truly extended concept. And in this world, the only way to survive is to follow religiously, relentlessly, like a Foucault's "discipline." Make it new. ■

THE GIRL WITH THE RED HAIR SEEMED VERY FAR AWAY.



She refused to share my sense of adventure—or my taste for Myers's Original Dark Rum.

* She preferred rum you could see through your tongue

* Beiberfront

* And mixed the club with no name. The names feel delicious though. And the water with the banana.

1990

Pound The Pavement.

AND LIKE IT.

SOme people would never sacrifice style for comfort in a dress shoe. So their feet take a toll. While others put comfort way ahead of style. So their look may suffer. Regardless of how you feel about the verdict, now you don't have to take a stance.

Introducing Cole Haan Tumble Air®. Now you can have the unabashed style of Cole Haan and the advanced technology of Nike Air technology for the first time in a dress shoe. It's a collaboration for men and women who feel the same about their preferences in footwear. Uncompromised.

Introducing It Left Standing. Cole Haan Tumble Air is engineered to have you walking on air. Quite literally. Two layers of vulcanized leather are fused together by a complex network of thread-trap rivets. Tumble Air has its blank profile. A patented gas is then compressed inside the unit [REDACTED] to form a pliable 'air' cushion which eases the foot to a soft landing. Unlike conventional comfort systems that eventually break down, the revolutionary Tumble Air unit is unaffected by repetitive impact. In fact, it is guaranteed never to dislodge or deteriorate for the sake of your heel. So regardless of how instantly you cross the pavement, your feet will never hit the ground.

Get Comfortable With It. If you want to travel in unprecedented comfort and style, try on a pair of Cole Haan Tumble Air. The more you wear them, the more you'll appreciate them. So go ahead. Pound the pavement. Hit the road. Shoot your feet and love is there. It's never been a fresher feeling on earth.

COLE-HAAN
TUMBLE AIR

DEFY GRAVITY



The RX-7 Turbo We shot in and out of Sebring, Road Atlanta, Road Daytona, and countless other tracks. Passing Porsches, Ferraris, Nissans and models we could barely make out. The Mazda RX-7 has won nine consecutive races at the 24 Hours of Daytona. Rackng up over ninety wins with the International Motor Sports Association (IMSA).

While most pit crews are busy rebuilding or installing new piston rings after each race, the Mazda RX-7 rotary engine is

completing nine race seasons without so much as a tuning. So why bother to improve a racing legend? Because we want you to feel what it's like to drive one.

The 1991 RX-7 Turbo uses the same rotary technology that goes into our street cars, which explains why it accelerates from 0 to 60 in 4.5 seconds. Powered by a highly developed 200 horsepower rotary engine, its exhaust port design virtually eliminates turbo lag.

Of course, an engine that powerful needs suspension and

braking systems to match. So the RX-7 comes with a high-performance Dynamic Tracking Suspension System (DTSS) as well as Anti-lock Brakes (ABS).

And while a license plate keeps the RX-7 on the street, we've made a few additions to keep you in the car. Such as cruise control, reclining bucket seats, a leather wrapped adjustable steering wheel and power windows, door locks, dual mirrors and sunroof. All standard. And none of which will compromise the

smooth ride of the RX-7.

If you haven't seen the RX-7, you're not alone. You don't worry. One will be passing you shortly.

BEST BASIC WARRANTY IN THE CLASS

36 months/30,000 miles non-negotiable "bumper-to-bumper" protection. See your Mazda dealer for limited warranty details. For information on a new Mazda, call toll-free 1-800-345-3799.

ADD A LICENSE PLATE.



MAZDA
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.



DESIGNED ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT THE BEST INTERPRETATION OF A PIECE OF MUSIC IS YOUR OWN.

The Technics SU-G700 A/V Receiver lets you express your own way for music. The 11-Luxman 600-watt 3-band graphic equalizer which gives you more flexible control over the sound. It's designed like you're conducting the music with endless variations at your fingertips.

You can even highlight specific instruments. For example, you can

emphasize a cool off of the synthesizer, or boost the bass line of a rock 'n' roll track.

And if you don't feel like choosing the equalizer's settings every time, our receiver will do it for you. You can store three equalization settings in memory and recall them at the touch of a button.

The Technics SU-G700 also has an intelligent remote that controls the components of your A/V system—TV,

CD, VCR, CD, and tape deck. And it's pre-programmed to be compatible with most existing brands of equipment and can learn the commands of many others.

Our receiver can be the heart of your audio/video system. And since it lets you interpret music in your own way, you can be the soul.

Technics
The science of sound

With new **Remote Control**
and **Programmable**
equalizer.

1100 watts of power.

TechnoCulture

Is There a Farmer in the House?

By Donald R. Katz

DURING THE SUMMER of 1977, the Taylors of Parchman, Arkansas, were named the most self-sufficient farmers in America by *The Mother Earth News*. A CBS news crew traveled to the Ozarks to take a look, and for much of the following year, the Taylors had more than their farm was worth in fame. Dan Taylor, a former professor of chemical engineering, but well, Mary Lou, a former high school teacher, and their two children, had lived a spartan existence for years even before they'd joined Taylors for an unlikely piece of land—about hundred fenced-in acres within a glimmering stretch of the Ozarks, where they created ecological and technological systems that would allow them to draw food, shelter, and energy from the land.

When visitors began to make pilgrimage to meet the Taylors and study their lives, Dan would explain that he'd moved way out of some surrealistic paranoia or antisocial sentiment, but as a reaction to the way technology had disconnected people. It bothered him that his children did not associate the acts of buying food or lighting a light switch with the attendant expenditures and deprivations that made these acts only appear simple and cheap. Large-scale technology, Dan said, was inherently an capacity to obfuscate the "true users" of things. So they'd decided to live more basic, ascetic, experimental, trading likes, and vowed to figure out how to use only those energy sources that were renewable.

The same year the Taylors bought their farm, R. P. Schmidauer reprinted a book called *Small is Beautiful* that the very do so often heralded as the country's foremost environmentalist—complete domination of nature via science and technology—was in fact an



If you want to
go back to nature,
it'll cost you

appropriate, because people and the resources linking applied technology with, in fact, unavoidable Schmidauer claimed that the assumptions underlying the dogma of continuous economic growth were not necessarily desirable, and that smaller, less resource-hungry economies, experiments, trading likes, and vowed to figure out how to use only those energy sources that were renewable.

By the time I went to meet the Taylors ten years ago, "appropriate technology" and "small is beautiful" had become the rallying cries of a worldwide movement seeking answers to the problems technology can cause. Inappropriate technologies, the argument went, had served only others beyond their home to the hapless. They wanted local solutions

and policies, and had no place like was ever oil. Technology had to be scaled to a local appropriate to the situation at hand.

Parchman, Arkansas, turned out to be a few stone buildings and a post office, several wells, set beneath streams. Atmosphere high-wheel carts. It lies in Marion County, a place that didn't get fully developed until 1950.

An old man carrying a basket can tell me I had to go all the road and universe several other farms to find Dan and Mary Lou's old house—only six of which were actually visible—along the Little Buffalo River. Mary Lou—singing and blabbering and Dan, who looked old and gaunt and were a happy what has with a black bard, and they'd searched for the right spot from the Panama Canal to the Arc de Triomphe before finding

Parchman. "We're not into neoclassic," he said as we trudged through the rocky dirt. "If there's a system, technique, or technology that's old and efficient, we'll adopt it."

The peasant-brown chamber was rustic, but the older ones—constructed for twenty dollars—looked shabby and deteriorated. There was a traditional blacksmith's forge and a coal grinder powered by a kerosene. Sixteen power from burning wood ran the food dryer, shaker, and grinder, and it charged the batteries that activated the house. Since the old tractor couldn't handle the rough, hilly patches, they'd grown up on mules and horses—a span of cows provided the brute force needed to

Donald R. Katz is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.

break the ground. Wendell, a square-jawed architect of appropriate-technology advocates, didn't work while there's no wind. The only source of energy from non-renewable-fossil fuel was the three-hundred-gallon gas tank the Taylors used during their stay in the pickup.

The year I visited the Taylors they lived on just \$4,000, income from selling hogs and cattle. That could account for every penny, just as he knew the levels of poison and cadmium, and the ratios the family received from the food they raised. Every thing was measured to a "tiree cent." But, knew, for instance, that his family did probably ten times as much work to feed three as what did someone shopping to a store. For the lowest "store cent" didn't take into account that the cheap energy and materials that held food costs down could one day be used up, causing prices to rise to beyond people's means. "Even if these non-renewable resources went out limited," Dan and Mary Lou wrote in their entry in *The Mother Earth News* campaign, "the chemicals and other ill-advised agricultural techniques of modern farming increasingly threaten and damage nature's life-support processes."

One important and often overlooked element of the appropriate-technology movement is that technology should allow worldwide and fulfilling work, that technology was never meant to substitute for work, but to reinforce it. Dan said that in the important ways he has a higher standard of living than people who consumed more. Dan said that "If he works hard, he also works creatively and with pleasure."

By the time Dan and Mary Lou left the farm in 1983, to raise enough money to start their own through-medical school, the somewhat uncompromised vision of appropriate technology had given way to a network of more than a thousand organizations. Schaeffer died in 1979, but his idea about small-scale technology had influenced political leaders ranging from former governor Jerry Brown to Federal Grop, the Bush "Ecosystem" general, who accepted the task of reformulating *Wetmore*. Several federal agencies and numerous appropriate-technology entrepreneurs AT activists. Despite the solar cell lectures, composing scores, wood carvings, small hydroelectric plants, and greenhouses, responding reduced signs, and performing innovations all grew from a commitment to tailoring technology to the technological situation prevalent in a given time and place.

As a new job as a professor at Texas A&M, Dan Taylor got an all-large-scale agricultural technology—massive machinery and genetically engineered plants

Techniques

and animals—from the inside. He suggested a new protocol for the diagnostic of toxins in the soil. And since the chemical-engineering department had yet to decommission, he worked up an on-the-job. He had to bekeeping, fine-tuning, redesigning, modernizing, and ergonomic designing—and presented to his department. He became a big fan of his small but power-packed Heron Packard's electronic, garage-built many of his colleagues preferred older, slower ways.

During the '80s, appropriate-technology gained environmental advocacy in the back

ground. Farmers were still encouraged by subsidies to increase the use of fertilizers, herbicides, and pesticides even though the government had classified the substances in the largest section of non-renewable pollution. A catalogue of the AT movement published this year reveals that a massive renewable-energy project for energy poor nations developed by the World Bank was ruined by the Reagan administration's favor of programs designed to increase oil imports. The administration had argued that, in many cases, preserving small subsistence and self-subsisting farms

was not in the best interest of the environment.

The year with their own new business

and then often paid off, Dan and Mary Lou Taylor have remained in their farm. The farmhouse has fallen down, he says, and the old man who raised her cats is dead. Many of the communities, back-to-the-landers, survivors, and most of the others who care for the hills impregnated to take on names with appropriate technology and respect have fled their homes, many like so many Arkansans before them.

The time around, Dan and Mary Lou say they don't have

an energy or environment plan

of growth over. They intend

to pursue some of the super

high yield, deep gardening

techniques developed during

their first year in Parchman,

and Dan plans to deploy some

of the artificial-mammalian

techniques he picked up at

ADM. They have an interesting

machine connected to the

photonics through the phone

in way off in a barn. When I asked Dan how

he was going to cut damage carbon they'd

put out for the new solar heated house he's

building, he said, "with gaffes, traps, and

techniques."

Dan says he feels more afraid than ever

of what mistakes have done to the ecology,

though he's confident that significant signifi-

cant use of becoming self-sufficient—"to

establish a lifeblood that gives future genera-

tions just as good a chance as we had"—

but he intends to use technology to get the

job done.

Marco Haylegas described technology

as a "mode of being" he can never

lose and its principles, just as it can never

raise and cause people to lose all sense of

appropriate technology. The difference is about

whether you take the time to understand

the "intensity" of something on a high. And

as the Taylors' return to Parchman demon-

strates, it's still not too late to start. □

**The only source of energy from
non-renewable fossil-fuel
was the three hundred
gallons of gas they used for
outings in the pickup.**

gle so that they might remain happy and

prolonged partnering. There were always

at least three. Following a steady decline in

time in use reflected in power cars, there

going back at a degree of energy inde-

pendence, it was discovered that farmers

now require instead of food in order to

profit from the bulk market for gasoline.

But as the world shifted toward public

awareness of environmental issues, there

were also victories to be tallied. Like Eric

the longest catcher fish, and the one in Boston

in many cities because emission standards

have held fast. Smokestack scrubbers and

expansion joints are considered at least

partially legal, if not sometimes, impo-

rtant, and the bicycle has replaced the car

as the world's most popular vehicle. The

decreasing erosion of topsoil in America

had been cut by a third because of rapid

laws, and it's expected to be cut by an addi-

tional third within ten years. The use of le-

LIONEL HAMPTON ON VIBES.



Technics

Lionel Hampton is legendary for

playing an instrument no one in past

had played before. The vibes. So

naturally after performing for over

forty years he thought he'd found every

way possible to play them. That is,

until he discovered the Technics

SK-A1000 keyboard.

A keyboard so advanced it creates

sounds that are impressive enough to get

even Lionel Hampton to put down his

instrument and pick up ours. Which

isn't surprising considering the

KN800's digitally-timed computer

chip creates sounds so lifelike you'd

probably think you had the actual

instrument right in front of you.

With more than 52 other built-in multi-

media sounds, an 8-track sequencer

with flexible edit functions, and a 32-bit

computer memory with optional disk

storage, which allows an accomplished

musician to accomplish even more.

But the true genius behind the

KN800 is the fact you don't have to be

a genius to play it. Because at the touch

of a button you'll not only have a world

of instruments at your fingertips, you'll

also have a wide variety of rhythm

accompaniments to choose from as well. Many of which have been recorded by respected musical artists. So you can play with the best even if you're just a beginner.

Now, if all this sounds too good to be true, we suggest you hear it for yourself.

Come in to the participating

Technics dealers nearest you and try the

SK-A1000. And you'll see why one of

the world's great vibes players is now

back on top.

Technics

The science of sound.



Now, helping the environment can really make you look good.

Oshkosh® is now, along with Sears, making a company donation to The Nature Conservancy to help preserve our nation's natural environment.

If we're going to encourage you to enjoy the great outdoors by making a rugged line of men's sportswear, it's only fitting we also help make sure you always have a place to wear it.

FIND YOURSELF IN OSHKOSH.



Now available at
SEARS



See Reader Service Card for page 170.

Dave Capitol

The Big Schmooze

By Andrew Sullivan

IMAY BE GETTING overensitive, but I've been back in D.C. two months now, and I still haven't seen the Loyalists. Sure, I've seen the Prudie-right in the White House, some, a press on the South Lawn, or a chat in the West Wing. So far, I haven't even had a glimpse of the dog. Who gives, George?

It's not that I've abstained with the Loyalists. Rather, you understand, I haven't been asked out for a post-Kennedy sport cocktail party, or even a horseshoe match. It's getting embarrassing. As George's presser, I'm reduced to this: Yes, the new slopes are great. No, I don't think Miller's presser again. Yes, Mr. Shevitz doesn't really do a nice man. No, really. He's a producer. Bush has told me.

Still, I guess it's only a matter of time. The secret thing about Bush's massive press infatuation is that, as I reported, you won't be left out for long. Any executive doubts about your presser rate in the Washington universe will soon be dispelled. It's really very simple. If you write an infatuation story about the President, you get a nice call from John Shewitz. When he calls, you go see the President. When you arrive, the Press Dept. goes into overdrive. Whenever you leave, you write another presser. Shall we run through that again?

If you're still unsure, of course, you can always ask some other kick. As far as I can tell, they've all been brought before me now by administration officials offering reiations of gain. "Listen, there's no end to it," Ben Brumley, ABC's White House correspondent, delicately puts it. "I don't think my presser has been the gregarious. He's coming at you all

Andrew Sullivan, a former associate editor of The New Republic, here begins a monthly column from Washington, D.C.



How George Bush is love-bombing the media into soft coverage

the tone. Of course you won't notice, but this is pricing education."

For the President, the rationale behind all this chameleonic clack bush works on the principle—a principle he uses in international diplomacy just as effectively—that if you know him well, you're less likely to be caught off guard. So Bush's press political strategy is to meet as many people as possible without having any real friends. Happily, for a man who can count Nicholas Brady and Melvin Laird among his close personal friends, this is no particular problem.

The only difficulty Bush has is holding his disdain for all the middle class reporters who stand in everything he over-

cates. Some feel he talks to them like some way he'd talk to the help. Alan Bush, a boyhood reporter to an afternoon round of golf at a Connecticut port recently, one of them had the temerity to ask him a question: "You know the rules," he growled back. He might as well have asked them to be his caddies. At the rate they're going, some of them might have agreed.

The kind of hardened reporting this particular relationship has produced is now well entrenched. The New York Times's R.W. Apple Jr. and the same early on. "George Bush embodies the precious ideal of responsibility begetted by privilege," he wrote on January 10, 1981. "An American iconoclast, reaching back through the many presidents more or less in name than in leg calipers." Tom C. Marshall, Roone, wrote for a

rougher angle: "Kind words. Gentle words. Nothing flabby or pretentiously monumental. Just good, plain talk from the heart." *Newsweek's* Brian Clegg did everything, but carry. "They have good bone structure, fine manners, and a passion for understatement." In a summable language that purrs February, Tom Brokaw spent a "joyful" day with the President in the White House, meeting First Lady, Vice President, First Lady, and a power child for infamy, stopping briefly to admire George's country and western record collection. Sam Donaldson and Diane Sawyer, in a simile "enclaves," contented themselves with gawking over the Bushes' favorite hats in a closet.

The administration has led to some memorable goads. The press swallowed the Bush story that he had no high-level contacts with Clinton administration figures, no plans for meetings in Europe last summer, no detailed agenda for the Malta summit last December, and no messages in his upper State of the Union address. The President misled them on each one, and went one lesson wider: when a few of them pointed it out in print, Mr. Blame re-manded one glaring instance. "When Helmut Thomas, Fred Barnes, and I had lunch with Bush, it was the worse information we've ever had. I don't mind telling you we've ever had. I was ready to using his neck."

Even with the disclosures, the good press continues. The New York Times' Thomas Friedman makes an interesting one-time, at least because his reporting skills are sharp and his professionalism undisputed. He has won two Pulitzer's, earning his stars on the Middle East beat. But when Bush didn't manage to catch Foggy Bottom in flag. He begins his coverage of the State Department with a few stories that were actually critical of the administration for being too inactive in the face of the epic events in Europe. This culminates in a front page article countering Secretary of State James Baker's boast that foreign policy was no conflict so long as it concerned high domestic aims. Friedman draws considerable ink for his article, but most reporters say Baker trounced him by restating averts, but by lone bombing. Friedman. It was a classic Big Schmooze maneuver. Friedman's impeding trace was a byword in Washington for soft coverage, not so much falsehood, as falsehood.

Taking his coverage of Baker's first meeting with Gorbatchev in May 1985. The pie-woon mouth, he wrote stories reverting with little suspicion the State Department's agenda for the meeting, quoting "top State Department officials" and running with a sympathetic interview with Baker on his airplane. The try was a PR disaster for Bush as Gorbatchev invited one additional new initiative after another. But Friedman rallied other administration "old-timers" Baker was portrayed as Gorby's equal, even his superior. "From our end wrote Mr. Baker, his back over his gaudy leather, and his face bearing a resolute expression. For a second, he seemed to have one hand firmly cradling his neck or. He seemed a man not in any particular hurry." Still, Friedman was forced to admit, "even Mr. Baker, necessarily nervous when it comes to dealing with the press, must have adored some of Mr. Gorbatch's retorts." Nevertheless, in a rough analysis of the ad-

ministration's debacle, Friedman concluded that Bush "responded about as well as he could."

In December 1985, Friedman prepared New York Times readers for another Baker bout of Europe with other stories focusing on Baker's views of the European situation. The high point was a virtual Department primer of Baker's speech about the future of Europe, quoting only Baker. The speech and that were convergent just to breathtakingly. "As dramatic as Mr. Baker's visit to Poland was, it was his Baker speech that will likely have the most lasting impact," was one typical sentence. It was followed by a pique heading: "European Foreign Baker Blueprint."

Friedman's few pieces came in last May's Times magazine cover story, revealingly titled "The Fabulous Bush and Baker Boys," coauthored by Friedman and Matthew Dowd, which had the same lead off the average newspaper magazine profile. Friedman believes the piece was "naive." "It's a piece. You proud of and a piece the paper's proud of," he told me.

The story also implied a surprising turn for Matthew Dowd, whose articles are reg-

**Bush's central
weapons are the ancient skills
of undemocratic
politics: flattery, prox-
imity, and fear.**

use of the most powerful people in Washington, and one of the few women among them "averse to Bush and Bushisms." An off-camera to Dowd and Friedman's dismay to fight James Baker's Department in some ways, Baker's orientation of the press made Bush look like an amateur. He made Bush-like accusations of amateurishness but played them with his only tool: with an iron grip on influence. Unlike previous State Department secretaries, Baker is truly task free. Almost all of his information comes from the top, almost all of it without identification. Says Friedman, "I can't tell you how many times I've pleaded with them to go on the record," he told me, "it's pathetically

There are some legitimate reasons for the press's good-nature. Many reporters are simply so overwhelmed, after eight years of Reagan, that any president could hold in many press conferences as Bush has and dominate every Bush's name as well. And Bush keeps the pressure on the press regularly with AP reporter Rita Brattain and even managed to send his campaign staffer holding this past July. On the negative side, he'll recall. Newsweek's front running its famous "Wimp Factor" cover in 1981, and he has gone so far as to send complaints to reporters after reading their unpublished pool reports, a level of observation worthy of Nixon.

Bush also helps keep the White House out of trouble. It's rumored that several major states are considering reducing their White House staff from two to one, in response to the staggering increase of most of what goes on for doesn't go on there. And

men are relatively prosperous and peaceful. But it's the job of reporters, especially given the lapses of the current opposition, to be contentious, regardless of what's in store. Even Reagan did it, every who did enough.

The Gagger parallel is perhaps the most disturbing. The old man may have gotten a knowing press, but he did it by looking over the reporter's broad to the television audience. In a way, that was a legitimate weapon of democratic government: the use of the people to intimidate the media. But Bush's success has no such justification. His arrival represents the amateur skills of undemocratic politics: flattery, proximity, and fear. His success caused the president to media snobbery. George has added the monarch's obsequious court. Bush may go down in history as the guy who called for a leader, greater nation. But the only people who've taken him up on it so far have been the press. ■



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING Cigarettes
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide

"I knew she had simple tastes.
So I made sure her diamond was simply incredible."

The Diamond Engagement Ring is two months' salary too much to spend for something that lasts forever?

A diamond is forever.

AMERICAN DIAMOND
SERVICE
DEPARTMENT

For the store nearest you and our free 400-page Quality Assurance booklet call 1-800-227-2222

The First Six

A Critique of Pure Boredom

By Stanley Bing

LONE A WOMAN. Right, juicy one, rugged like a Shirley, plump and ready for picking! Turned over that dad and that's he was. I'm wondering what to do with her now. Can't go fishing with him, because I have too much homework. Besides, I haven't been fishing in nearly five years. Didn't enjoy it much this time, either. Sir, Man, Kill fish. What kind of screwup is that? I'll kill you. A hunting one, just look how lathes, my wife I can't eat him. Guess I'll just have to go back and move on. He's not a silverfish or anything. And he's extremely intelligent, he can his way through the earth. That's more than can be said of most of my friends. I'm going to take this woman home and plant his headstone into the pot I've dug for my new salami. Or... maybe I'll just wait until my wife comes out of the house and change it in her face. Don't think I won't. When I'm in full touch with myself and having a really good time, anything is possible.

Roundtables had to concentrate and closed eyes for the best part of two decades before he was able to see into the future, hang in space, and enjoy complete freedom of cause and opportunity. The business of the Kalahari must prove this method by writing all day by the waterhole, supervising, hating and total absence for animals in come, check, and labelled. However, once he used to go to an address in Lanes, Massachusetts, and just sit for days on end next to a bunch of other guys. He didn't even have a telephone, but by the end of the day, he was on the kind of brain excavation people pay big bucks for.

Every now and then, a man needs to be free of the encumbrances, shaking, waddling, worrying, lazing, thieving, that's himself. To accomplish this, it helps to have a big, boring nothing in the middle of your life to occupy your

Stanley Bing is a contributing editor of *Esquire*.



Sometimes a guy's just
got to take out his brain and
let it sit for a while

Here's my "English Country Garden." It's got flowers and my favorite, I think. Anyhow, it's a lot of stuff that looks sort of like the outside, and it's supposed to explode and make my backyard in a sort of explosive, contrived manner. Right now it looks sort of like last night's mouse salad.

I wonder how I'm going to finish the one-year financial projection by October 1st. What if I have to cancel my vacation? I won't!

I use my neighbor's in his backyard, too. It's the end of the season now, so we all have to buy a lot of dead stuff. I spoke with him about this situation not long ago, and we compared on the amount of leaves there were around. "Enough leaves for pot?" I thought to myself. "You and it?" he yelled back. "We left it at that, but I thought it was kind of interesting."

I'm digging the hole for our new miles now. It's hard work. Dirt is really variable, and always comes up your arm and under your nails. It smells clean and uncomplicated. It looks like childhood. In short, it's thoughts, and wisdom, and freedom from civilization.

Take my new friend, Hank. Last Sunday I went over to his house to pick up some wood chips and I saw him, waddling in a variety of circumstances, spreading fresh, spiced grass on a bed of strawberries. Nowhere has he been since. And it was not on this earth. That's a good place to be.



WHY THE AMERICAN HUNTER IS BLOOD- THIRSTY, PIGGISH, AND GROSSLY INCOMPETENT

Deach and suffering are a big part of hunting. A big part. Not that you'd ever know it by hearing hunters talk. They tend

to downplay the killing part. To kill is to put to death, extinguish, nullify, cancel, destroy. But from the hunter's point of view, it's just a tiny part of

BY JOY WILLIAMS

the experience. *The kill is the least important part of the hunt...* they often say, or, *Killing involves only a split second of the innumerable hours we spend surrounded by and observing nature....* For the animal, of course, the killing part is of considerably more importance.

José Ortega y Gasset, in *Meditations on Hunting*, wrote, *Death is a*

The Killing Game

sign of restlessness in hunting. One does not hunt in order to kill, on the contrary, one kills in order to have hunted. This is the sort of intellectual blather that the "thinking" hunter holds dear. The conservation editor of *Field & Stream*, George Reiger, recently paraphrased this sentiment by saying, *We kill to hunt, and not the other way around*, thereby making it truly fatuous. A hunter in West Virginia, one Mr. Bill Neal, blazed through this philosophical fog by explaining why he blows the toes off tree raccoons so that they will fall

Esquire

OCTOBER 1986

down and be torn apart by his dogs. That's the best part of it. It's not any fun just shooting them. • Instead of monitoring animals—many animals in managed areas are tagged, tattooed, and wear radio transmitters—wildlife managers should start hanging telemetry gear around hunters' necks to study their attitudes and listen to their conversations. It would be grisly listening, but it would tune out for good the suffering as sacrament and spiritual experience blather that some hunting apologists employ. The smugness with which the good hunter reflects death is an anesthetic not merely with his conscience but with affirming his animality in the midst of his struggles toward humanity and clarity, Holmes

The chief attraction of hunting is the pursuit and murder of animals.

Robston III drones on in his book *Environmental Ethics*. • There is a formula to this in literature—someone the protagonist loves has just died, so he goes out and kills an animal. This makes him feel better. But it's kind of a sad-feeling-better. He gets to relate to Death and Nature in this way. Somewhat. But not really. Death is still a mystery. Well, it's hard to explain. It's sort of a semiridiculous thing. . . . Killing and affirming, affirming and killing, it's just the cross the "good" hunter must bear. The bad hunter just has to deal with postdil indown. • Many are the hunter's specious arguments. Less semiridiculous but a long-standing favorite with them is the vegetarian approach (you eat meat, don't you?). If you say no, they feel they've got

you—you're just a vegetarian attempting to impose your world view on others. If you are you, they accuse you of being hypocritical, of allowing your great Alch border to stand between you and reality. The facts, the dual intention of hunting is the pursuit and murder of animals—the meat eating aspect of it is trivial. If the hunter chooses to be ethical about it he might cook his kill, but the meat of most animals is discarded. Dead bear can ever be dangerous? A bear's heavy huff must be released at once to prevent meat spoilage. With effort, a hunter can make skin chaps nevertheless no longer or wind, a sports tag says, if you take care, theory spring bear.

As for "sabotage" hunting, please. Granted that there might be one "good" hunter out there who considers the kill as spiritual exercise and two others who are sincere enough to want to supplement their Cheetos McNuggets with venison, most hunters bear for the hell of it.

For humans, hunting is for Recreation a

play. Hunting is recreation. Humans kill for play, for entertainment. They kill for the thrill of it, to make an animal "hurt." (The Goodman doctrine of nonpossession has never been a big hit with hunters.) The animal becomes the property of the hunter by its death. Also, the hunt belongs only to itself. This is in accordance to the hunter. His power. His *meat*. *I decided to* . . . *I decided not to* . . . *I deliberated about* *it*, *then I decided to let it live*. Hunting like beautiful creatures. A "beautiful" deer, etc., bear, cougar, biggame sheep. A "beautiful" grouse or mallard. Of course, they don't use "beautiful" for long, just like the birds. Many birds become targets in the air, abandoned, blown to hell. *Keep shooting till they drop!* Hunters get a thrill out of seeing a plummaging hawk out of hearing or crane and kill. The big phantom *filled in* *classic fashion*. They get a kick out of "collecting" new species. *Why not add another batiquen duck to your collection?*

Jay Williams is twice frequently appears in *Espere*.



inf blockers" and "backbone busters" and "leg gators," thereby implying a balanced, jolly game of mutual satisfaction between the hunter and the hunted—Baw, that is. I get to shoot you and you get to be dead. More often, though, when dealing with the conflicting public, a dry, businesslike tone is employed. Animals become a "resource" that must be "utilized." Hunting becomes "a legitimate use of the resource." Animals become a product like wood or lumber or a crop like corn or corn that must be "cultivated" or "taken" or "harvested." Hunters lose to use the word legitimate. (Oddly, Tolstoy referred to hunting as "evil legitimism." I legitimate, a systematic form of persecution, a legitimate escape, a legitimate pursuit. It is a word they truly will slay the deer or discourse. Hunters are increasingly relying upon their spokespersons and supporters, state and federal game managers and wildlife officials, to employ the dross of a culture's bureaucratic language and less-annual a lot

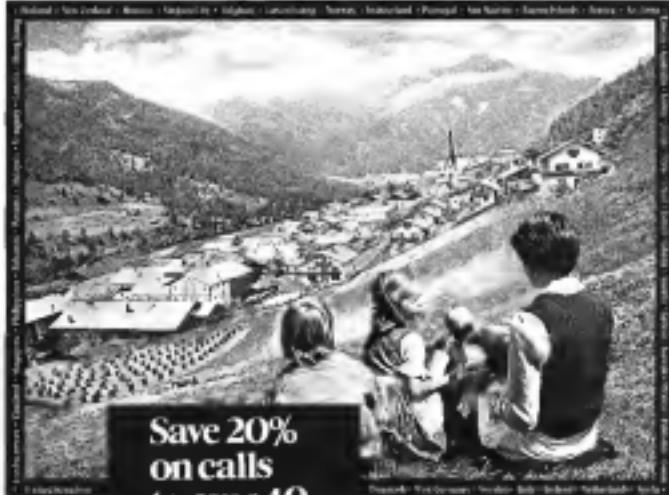
know what numbers are the good numbers. Bush determined that there were six hundred sandhill cranes in the state, so permits were issued to shoot one hundred of them. Don't want to have too many sandhill cranes. California wildlife officials reported "sufficient numbers" of mountain lions to "justify" controlled hunting, even though it doesn't take a rocket scientist to know the animal is extremely rare. (It's always a dark day for hunters when an animal is adjudged rare. How can its numbers be "controlled" through hunting if it scarcely exists?) A recent census' ridiculous guideline is the hunting of the mountain lion is permissible—not that the lions aren't killed anyway, in California and all over the West, hundreds of them annually by the government as part of the scandalous Animal Damage Control Program. Oh, to be the lucky hunter who gets to be an official government hunter and can legitimately kill animals his buddies aren't supposed to. Montana officials, led by K. L. Coal, that

Hunters kill for play, for the thrill of it.

al quiescently statistic to assure the non-hunting public (85 percent) that there's nothing to worry about. The population is under control. The mass marches and martyrlization of wild animals is just another business. Hunters are a step necessary, and it's crucial to them that the millions of people who don't hunt not be awestruck from their long sleep and become antihunting. Nonhunters are okay. Dumb, probably, but okay. A hunter can respect the right of a nonhunter. It's the "right" he disdains, those misguided, emotional, out-of-junctions of theobold, unperfected geniuses who don't understand nature. Those doomsday ecological shills in ignorance and spurred by emotion. Those diagrymogrym types, who under the pretense of being environmentalists and conservationists are working to deprive them of the pleasure right to kill. Sometimes it's just a right, sometimes it's a God-given right. Arms can be banned, but nonhunters must be punished, and this is where the number-crunchers of wildlife biologists and the corporal of professional resource managers come in. Leave it to the professionals. They

can't do their job, though, without the number of buffaloes they feel can be rationalized. 250 is the number. Yellowstone National Park is the only place in America where bison exist, having been annihilated everywhere else. In the winter of 1917, nearly six hundred buffalo wandered out of the north boundary of the park and into Montana, where they were immediately shot at or possibly range by hunting season. Hunters. It was early. And it was obvious from a video taken on one of the blow-away-the-brain days that the bison had a look of a good time. The Buffalo Czar says, there are no such things as "bushes" built by doing damage to property—by which he means, I guess, that they eat the grass. Montana wins zero buffalo; it also wins zero weber.

Large predators—including grizzlies, cougars, and wolves—are often the most "resource," the amorous and sedentary animals of all. The grizzly wolf is both a resource predator and an endangered species, and near the Supreme Court recently affirmed that ranchers have no constitutional right to kill endangered predators—apparently some God-given rights are not constitutional.



Save 20%
on calls
to over 40
countries.

Only with the *AT&T Reach Out* World Plan.

The sound of a friend's voice. The laugh of a good friend. You can have them again and again—and save with the *AT&T Reach Out* World Plan.

With this plan, it's easy to voice call family and friends—over 40 countries and areas, and save 20%* on your international calls.

Only the *Reach Out* World Plan gives you so much of the world in one plan with one low monthly fee. And the savings begin with low per minute rates—for you can call Canada for 25¢, the United Kingdom for 59¢, Europe for 64¢, and the world for 89¢.

With this plan you can call almost anywhere—15 or more hours a day during the week. And 24 hours a day on the weekends.

The longer you talk, the lower the per minute rates go. Because the *Reach Out* World Plan lets you enjoy an additional 5% discount on that portion of your call after the tenth minute.

AT&T
The right choice.

*International rates at a dozen of participating international long distance companies. Rates reflect discounts to countries with AT&T long distance rates. The rates do not reflect discounts to Canada and Mexico. **Domestic rates in Canada.

Squish, shake,
squeeze, rub,
spill, oops,
steam, wait,
drip, drop,
phooey.

Or
Acuvue.

Imagine never having to clean your lenses again. Now imagine wearing a new pair of lenses every week. With Acuvue® Disposable Contact Lenses from Johnson & Johnson you can. And nothing's more comfortable than a fresh clean lens.

Acuvue is generally available for about a dollar a day (plus, of course, professional fees). So before you spend any more on lenses you have to clean, visit your eye-care professional for Acuvue or right for you. For more information about Acuvue Disposable Contact Lenses, call 1-800-328-3290, Ext. 525.

ACUVUE. The First Disposable Contact Lens.

Johnson & Johnson

tional areas—this makes the wolf a man or less lucky dog. But not for long. A small population of gray wolves has recently established itself in northeastern Montana, primarily in Glacier National Park, and there is a plan, long a dream of conservationists, or "restorers," to wolf in Yellowstone. But to please ranchers and business, part of the plan would involve impulsively thinning the wolf from the endangered species list. Beyond the park's boundaries, he could be hunted as a "game animal" or exterminated as a "predator" (bears kill in lone, random, except when they're hunting in pairs). The issue of Yellowstone where the wolf would be released is the same: mountain and high-grass country that is considered a winteritory for many species, including the aforementioned bison. Part of the plan, too, is compensation to ranchers if any of their grazing livestock is killed by a wolf. It's a restorative but there's, apparently, killing and controlling and some compensation for losing some animals under the Big Sky.

Yellowstone, like a face that characterizes hunter Jack Alcedine, an outlaw in Bent, has some angles and few of them are crooked. But there never will be control. The wolf-control plan proposed by the Fish and Wildlife Service speaks only of protecting domestic livestock. There is no plan to protect wildlife. . . . There are no wolves here or there in Montana. There never are carefully managed. With uncontrolled wolf populations, a lot of people will have to give up hunting just to feed wolves. Will you give up your elk permit for a wolf?

It won't be long before humans won't be able to shoot. compensation for animals they aren't able to shoot.

They are gaudy overpowered shotgun and rifles and musket bows. They rely on four-wheel drive vehicles and drive-wheel ATVs and airplanes. . . . He was interesting, the only surviving, living creature on that howling wolf-explored, bighorned country into the heart of my rifle and those the safety off. . . . They are unapproachable in their distance, and dogs are run down and are唱歌. They go out in groups, in gangs, and employ "pounces" and "dashes" so many methods are effective. So few rules apply it's hard.

We kept on repeating the names of birds as they came in looking for shelter from that big snow wind, emptying our shell belts. . . . A species can, in the meantime, be preserved by hunting (which means that killing does not decrease them), but that just increases the list, the challenge. There is probably no criticism of hunting within the ranks. . . . It's probably another of opinions and how hunters have brought up to hunt. Although a recent editorial in Ducks Unlimited magazine did continue to say my suggestion that we should not pull firearms to ground-influenced through hunting competition with others.

But hunters are people. They just can't seem to help it. They're overexposed—unstable, unpredictable, and vain. They march and march and depend. And for the most part, they're right. Goodly stage.

Concealed under paper is a must for the modern hunter, along with his breeches and his bear. The more hunters taking a dump in the woods with their roll of Charmin beside them were content for whip-tailed deer and shot. Hunters get excited. They'll shoot anything—the call of another specimen or even themselves. A Long Island man died last year

Hunters

like to call large animals by cute names—such as "big guy."

HUNTERS BELIEVE THAT wild animals must only be killed when they wish to kill them. And it's easy to kill them! The weaponry available is staggering, and the equipment and gear limitless. The demand for big bucks has never been greater than right now. Outdoors Life crews, and the makers of rifles and cartridges are responding to the craze with a variety of high-velocity that is virtually unprecedented in the history

of sporting arms. . . . Hunters are gaudy overpowered shotgun and rifles and musket bows. They rely on four-wheel drive vehicles and drive-wheel ATVs and airplanes. . . . He was interesting, the only surviving, living creature on that howling wolf-explored, bighorned country into the heart of my rifle and those the safety off. . . . They are unapproachable in their distance, and dogs are run down and are唱歌. They go out in groups, in gangs, and employ "pounces" and "dashes" so many methods are effective. So few rules apply it's hard.

The second Federal Premium 145-grain bullet found its mark. Another shot allowed the bear for good. . . . They had deer with corn. They spread popcorn on golf courses for Canada geese and they doze meat bones with lard, grease and honey for bears. . . . Make the hunting site wildlife of inner-city doghouse shops. They are blends and mix stands and mobile stands. They go out in groups, in gangs, and employ "pounces" and "dashes" so many methods are effective. So few rules apply it's hard.

We kept on repeating the names of birds as they came in looking for shelter from that big snow wind, emptying our shell belts. . . . A species can, in the meantime, be preserved by hunting (which means that killing does not decrease them), but that just increases the list, the challenge. There is probably no criticism of hunting within the ranks. . . . It's probably another of opinions and how hunters have brought up to hunt. Although a recent editorial in Ducks Unlimited magazine did continue to say my suggestion that we should not pull firearms to ground-influenced through hunting competition with others.

But hunters are people. They just can't seem to help it. They're overexposed—unstable, unpredictable, and vain. They march and march and depend. And for the most part, they're right. Goodly stage.

Concealed under paper is a must for the modern hunter, along with his breeches and his bear. The more hunters taking a dump in the woods with their roll of Charmin beside them were content for whip-tailed deer and shot. Hunters get excited. They'll shoot anything—the call of another specimen or even themselves. A Long Island man died last year

when he shotgun went off as he climbed a concealed deer with the bear. Hunters just grow. They get restless and want to find. They want to see those sought rifles and see family blood on the farm. Weended animals can result for safety in fear and panic before they collapse. Cognitively gutted deer—*if* you hit a bear a million, spreading damage, the animal has probably been hit at the abdomen—*are* *bad*—each year. "Pain-



It will change the way you think about Gallo.

ly placed shot" are frequent, and injured animals are seldom treated, because most hunters never learned how to track. The majority of hunters will shoot at anything with four legs during deer season and anything with wings during duck season. Hunters try to aid running animals and downed birds. They become so overaggressive that they inadvertently and inadvertently, springing deer "game" with shot

sovereign, in their woods, culling is a by-product of the sport, making duck party deadly for ducks. The broadhead arrow is a very inefficient killing tool. Deer hunters are trying to deal with this problem with the suggestion that they use poison pads. These poisonous arrows are illegal in all states except Mississippi. (And in general, you can't even tell if a deer died the little duration), but they're widely used anyway.

(Duck hunters practice tough laws.) The last is for those having a "harmless attitude," the most pernicious is the most innocent of all hunters. That's when some suggest the friendly neighbor who would take the most birds... and the most innocent to maximize ecological diversity. Millions of birds that managed to elude shotgun flyers were dying each year from ingesting the lead shot that caused down in

Soon hunters will want compensation for animals they didn't shoot.

but failing to bring it down.

The facts, however, lack of skill is a big problem—but nowhere is the problem worse than in the new glamour recreation—bow hunting. These guys are stupid. They still think they're in camouflage, point their faces black, and climb up tree stumps from which they snare the penetration of deer, elk, and moose with modest, matchblade, broadhead arrows shot from sophisticated, step-to-draw compound bows. This "primitive" way of hunting appeals to country, even the non-hunter may feel that it's "fun"—nothing, requiring more strength and skill, but bow hunting is the craze, most weapon form of which is illegal. Seniors emboldened by state fish and wildlife departments repeatedly show that bow hunters wound and fail to recover as many animals as they kill. An animal shot then, wounded by an arrow, will most assuredly die of the wound, but it will be days before he does. Even with a "good" hit, the time elapsed between the strike and death is surprisingly long. The rule of thumb has long been that we should wait thirty to forty minutes on short and long lots, an hour or more on a suspected deer hit, eight to twelve hours on pronghorns, and that we should follow immediately on buckdeer and other mammals only lots, to keep the second open and bleeding. This is advice in the magazine *Fins and Foothills*. When the hunter does as he hangs around waiting for his animal to finish with its intended running and dying, he's been wounded—maybe he's just one makeup, maybe he's had a highball.

Whitetail agencies promote and encourage bow hunting by permitting earlier and longer seasons, even though they are well

You wouldn't want that deer to suffer, would you?

THE MYSTIQUE OF THE efficiency and decisiveness of the bow hunter is as much an illusion as the perception that a waterfowler is a hardy and thoughtful fellow, a romantic aristocrat, as Virgil Bourassa puts it, equipped with his feathered ribs and a love for solitude and wild places. More innocent does have been wasted shotless and shotting than any other type of hunting. It's a soul-wrenching practice, apparently, the conscience of birds in flight. Ducks Unlimited—an organization that has managed to put a spin on the word conservation for years—works hard to protect the idea that duck hunters are blue bloods and that duck stamps with their pretty pictures are responsible for saving all the saved puddles in North America. Spearman's contribution is a contradiction in terms (We protect things now so that we can kill them later) and is broadly interpreted (Don't kill them all, just kill most of them). A hunter is a conservationist in the same way a farmer or rancher is. He's not like the rancher who kills everything that's not useful on his (and the public's) land, and the farmer who scares wildlife because "they don't pay their freight," the human uses nature by destroying it in pain, maiming it by maiming it through death.

George ("We kill to hunt and not the other way around") Berger, the conservation-hunter's spokesman (but the best they've got, apparently), said that the "dedicated" waterfowler will shoot other game "of course," but so do we much to the same spirit of the fynce, that when we're not near the goal or as close, we fear the god we're wear-

SHARP EXPANDS THE POWER OF THE WIZARD.

SHARP.

FROM SHARP MAMERS
CORPORATION

Dennis Anderson, an outdoor writer, said, "Rover shooters just fly at the birds as fast as they can, trying to drop as many as they can. Then they pack their birds they can find. The birds they can't find in the dark, they leave behind."

Carriage and wagon are the rules in bird hunting, even during legal seasons and open hours. Thousands of wounded ducks and geese are not recovered, left to rot in the marshes and fields. "When I asked Wanda where her bird-father, she meant's sure. Crappie, and there are no crappie nests in this pasture, are still able to run and look, there's the money man if he's willing to spend time searching for them, which he usually isn't.... It's not unusual to see down a crevice a cracked bone find or a perfect game feather nestled in a weedy rippled field atop a huge block of twisted green. Oh, many, many such game. A downed bird becomes invisible on the ground and is practically undetectable without a good dog, and few "waterfowl"

local and numbers. *Down may deteriorate to invisibility an action by the third day.* The area deteriorates. When a block is wiped out, the slots are empty. No action.

Teal declined more sharply than any duck species except mallard last year, the bald hunters' favorite. Hunters and their prey—wildlife agencies—still never admit that hunting is responsible for the decline of a species. Jim Trotter, head of the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service, delivers the final and honest line: Hunting is not the problem. Pollution is the problem. Pollution, urbanization, deforestation, habitat nests, and moisture destruction is the problem. And drought? There's been a bit drought here should做过 than drought is a cause, that's problem if they can't find water, and leave the borders alone.

While the Feds and Wildlife Service is busy conducting experiments in crane and duck, the missing mallard ducklings on a wetland sprayed with the insecticide ethyl parathion (they died)—it was known they

were, advised by a federal government entomologist, have to agree on policies.

There's always a lot of squabbling that goes on in Feds—over—lots of consist about shore trapping, for example. Shore trapping is the official holding of birds at a time, often by forcing them to wildlife refuges, so that their numbers are greater. A dozen or so traps. Hunters in the North get to kill more than hunters in the South. This isn't fair. Hunters demand equal opportunity to kill.

Wildlife managers hate closing the season on trapping. Closing the season on a species would indicate a certain amount of overmanagement and manipulation at the very least—a certain reliance on overly optimistic numbers. A certain overmanagement of hunting would be "perverse" they couldn't kill their favorite duck. And worse, closing a season would be considered silly for the anti-hunting "mobs" are very unorganized, but they all encourage killing. There are short-

A hunter is a conservationist the way a farmer or rancher is: He's not.

Since then these days. They're hard to train—usually a professional has to do it—and most hunters can't be bothered. Birds are easy to handle. ... Canada geese—blues and mousies—will take a good amount of time. Pheasants are easily reared and developed and come down easily. Red-shafted flocks are harder to kill but easy to kill. Sharp-shots are harder to kill but easier to kill. Sharp-shots are harder to kill but easier to kill. It's just a nuisance to recover them. But it's fun, fun, fun running them down.... There's almost pleasure or watching a flock work to a good friend's gun.

Teal, the smallest of common ducks, are easily easy to kill. Hunters in the South used to encounter on set in September, prior to the "serious" waterfowl season. But the birds were so numerous and the hunt to low their numbers that many hunters left it hardly worth going out and getting by to themselves to kill them. Through did, however, leave the dogs and manage to "beat" 16,500 of the little migrating birds in Louisiana in 1980 alone. Shooting is usually best on opening day. By the second day you can sometimes detect a decline in

numbers, but you can never have enough modern shotguns so even a duck's only problem, hunters are killing some two hundred million birds and animals each year. But these deaths are incidental to the problem, according to Trotter, a hunter, a conservationist, a manager, a Duck Unlimited member, a man who's been trying to do what he wants to do in the blind. Some species are "protected," but being on road, but hunters begin hunting way out half hour before sunset and that mean hunters can't identify a bird at the sun even in broad daylight. Some of them can't identify birds in broad sunlight, and even if they can (99.9% of game and conservationists, that duck's "frigging protected"), they are likely to be very unpopular or "weak" ducks so that they can continue to hunt the ones they "love."

Gone "professional," as tried to keep em' "weak," will run stop managing bird populations until they've dried out the Florida duck (I shot my first last but I bagged six last year, by golly...) The Feds and Wildlife Service service legal hunters as badly in my judgment, but it is a problem in suspending the laws of the digital age. Illegals hold a management problem in the not-so-wonderful world of waterfowl. Excessive

Quail in our fashion statement. Stafford Executive 100% silk sportcoat, \$195. Pleated trousers, \$25. Striped crew shirt, \$22. Full Br. 2223-N.

It's a perfect combination.



STAFFORD
EXECUTIVE

JCPenney Fashion comes to life

have always pursued the "spurts," and bird shooters have historically been the slicks and pragmatists of hunting. Doing away with hunting would do away with a mid-adolescent historical aspect of American life. John Turner claims, "So, do away with it. Do away with those who have nothing to do with them, the doane [sic] woods with their fields, they do have some wetlands, mostly by permeating farmers not to the point as, like that little posthole the ducks had! Well, I'm gonna plant more reeds there if you don't pay me now."

"Quail" hunting is as fine as the Flamingos' practice. When you've got a bunch of guys driving over the plains, up the mountain, and through the woods with their stupid tag that costs them a couple of bucks and unnecessary control, full of beer and body parts. There's a price tag on it, right? to die after living creatures for play, but it's not much. A *biggame* hunting license is the greatest shot going since the *Monolithic Art*. Ted Kerasiotes writes in *Sports Afield* (in many states residents can buy one license for more than a month for about \$100). It's cheaper than taking the little woman out to lunch. It's cheap all right, and it's because killing animals is considered recreation and is undertaken by state and federal funds. In Florida, state money is constantly spent on "quail hunting," in which birds are guided to shoot deer stands in wildlife management areas. The organizers of these events say that these staged hunts help protect an underused area's role in the ecosystem. (Drop a dead bird part place in the ecological community, son.)

Hunters claim they don't actually break it, but they've learned to see it that they're doing something else—for if

Unlimied feels that it, in particular, is a stupid popular and environmental champion. Although hunters spend most of their money lobbying for hunting and raising dubious pens to release later over shooting fields, they do save some wetlands, mostly by permeating farmers not to the point as, like that little posthole the ducks had! Well, I'm gonna plant more reeds there if you don't pay me now."

Hunters claim many nonsensical things, but the most nonsensical of all is that they pay their own taxes. They do not pay their own way. They do pay into a perverse wildlife-management system that means a quail's "stocks" and "breath" and "stocks" for hunters' killing pleasure, but these fees in no way cover the cost of highly questionable ecological practices. For some species changes—the greatest bird-growth areas can be in public lands—national parks, state forests—governments for hunting—which the condensing and authorizing publics pay for. (There's no private lands becoming increasingly difficult for us, as experience has taught people that hunting is ubiquitous.) Huntress kill an audience of acres of land all over America that is permeated with general taxpayer revenue, but the most shocking, really mind-blowing, damage takes place in national wildlife refuges. Nowhere is the arrogance and the inexperience of this small subsection more evident than clearly demonstrated. Nowhere is the murder of animals, the manipulation of language, and the damage to public interest more flagrant. The public perceives no real wildlife refuges as safe havens, as sanctuaries for animals. And why wouldn't they? The word refuge of course means shelter from danger and dis-

honor were purchased with duck stamps—our duck stamp paid for it, our duck stamp paid for it. Huntress oughta have paid stamps with the money, multiplying power of the Lord's taxes and fares, but if money million acres in the Wildlife Refuge System, only those million were bought with hunting stamp revenue. Most wildlife "conservation" programs in the states are unrelated to cleaning land to increase deer habitats but that no man dare well regulate hunting—you wouldn't want them to do it, conservation, would you? and trapping animals for trapping and study (a hunting can shoot more of them). Bad and game agencies handle hunting—instead of conserving wildlife, they're killing it. It's time for them to get in the business of protecting and passing up wildlife and creating balanced ecological systems instead of paying for hunters who waste their deer duckhuntingantibirds—nearly stacked to be shot.

Huntress self-serving arguments and lies are becoming more preposterous as more hunters wake from their long, sleep-bliss, sleep. Sport hunting is immoral, it should be made illegal. Huntress are persecutors of animals who should be prosecuted. They wield a dangerous power out of all proportion to their numbers, and pandering to their emotions—the special interests of a group that just wants to kill things—is evil. It's preposterous that every year less than 2 percent of the population owns the skins over shooting refuges and the woods and fields at abhorrence. It's time to stop tactfully supporting and passively allowing hunting, and time to agitate it. It's time to stop being coerced and cowed by hunters, time to stop protecting and condoning them.

Sport hunting is immoral. Hunters are persecutors to be prosecuted.

they didn't see wild animals, wild animals would be useless. They believe that they're not helping Mother Nature control populations (quail wouldn't want these dolefuls of intervention, would you?...). They claim that their tiny fees provide Americans with wild lands and animals. (People who don't have got to sweep animals off their road while hunters get to enjoy them only during hunting season....) Ducks

are no perp of the government's duck-and-decide, race to stop shooting of wild animals as "reserves" and "game," and start shooting of them as sentient beings that deserve our wonder and respect, race to stop allowing hunting to be condoned by calling it "sport" and "recreation." Huntress make wildlife dead, dead, dead. It's time to wake up to this indisputable fact. As for the hunters, it's long past check-out time. ■



DAN RATHER, UNANCHORED

Would you consider cosmetic surgery?" • "No!" says Rather. • "What if somebody says, 'Well, really, Dan! You have bags down to here!'" • "It happens," says Rather, grinning. • "What is your age?" • "I'm a hundred and thirteen years old," says Rather. • He grins all the way down to his clavicles. • "How ~~much~~ ^{much} do you weigh?" • "I weigh one hundred and eighty-two pounds," says Rather.

A very strange discourse touching on Moses, • "After the show, do you Jesus, Machiavelli, call your wife?" • His face Oscar Wilde, T. S. goes flat. What a color: Eliot, and the frozen bluegill. • Pause. legendary Kenneth • "Yes," he says in a low voice. • "What are your first words? 'How was it?'" • Silence. • "You know,

By E. Jean Carroll



I think that's probably a question I'm not going to answer," says Rutherford.

"No?"

False.

"I hope you'll respect that," he says.

Silence.

"Who makes better love of your own? Yourself or your wife?"

Pause.

"I'm not going very far with that one," says Rutherford.

He sits up, his foot and holds it in that position. He is a handsome chap, well-wooded, quiet, but simply a quiet, handsome chap, but a quiet, handsome, infatuated, high-strung, excitable chap who has the potential of being a quiet chap.

"Youself or your wife?"

"Stan and I have been together for so long," says Rutherford, "it's hard not to respect myself. Jesus No. We're two people that play as one. We're one and the same person. I don't know . . ."

He shrugs with one of his hands.

"Which person are you?"

Silence.

He smiles.

Dead silence.

DAN RUTHERFORD
In the bathroom, circular handles all with them, you've ever seen, as brilliant as an old riding boot—she says half-jokingly, as reflected in a nearby dressing school hall of young girls, with the signs of a sed dog, the mouth of a snail, the nose of a mastodon, and a never-ending, concatenating passion that moves. When's next, who's going to be next, what's next news, when could be news, does anyone else have the same news, and how no longer to clean like a reasonably likeable fellow—spins you long to dash across the room, a ground between the back—and the spoken in the mouth, handlike, minute time of Jesus in the confessional.

He is sitting in his office overlooking the newspaper, with his Bibles, The Book of Common Prayer, Smith's Bible Dictionary, and many other very large, very old Bibles, a whole collection, recently bound, besides him. There is his Old Royal, needless to say, a binders, and along one side of the room is a broken-tired leather sofa with its little pillow—ALWAYS a very room. There is also an aquarium, a sign to the aquarium, MURKIN WANTED his reflection in the aquarium, and on his desk, a little metal mirror with a glass tray with make-

up sponges, compact, Kleenex, powder puff, et cetera, et cetera, on top of it.

The tape recorder is running, and Rutherford looks up at a moment in elegant silence, then says, "Guy Tidwell used to inquire that he thinks it's better to be nervous." After a moment he adds, "Well, his basic position you are not as alert as you should have good you think you are, and most of us think we're pretty good"—he drops his voice—"I'm not arrogant and arrogant, it's a big catch. You tend not to scratch the person's eyes or listen to his heart. Do his heart." A smile and says, "Well, Guy Tidwell makes an interesting point." He removes his eyes off the tape recorder. "But it doesn't really know. And I don't really care."

He pushes out his bulge.

And then he talks about the savings and says that if you are in a beauty contest, you always hope you'll think you're pretty, and that's the way he feels about the ratings, that the longer he is in a contest, the more respect he has for a straightforward competitor, and if he has when his competitors to be a worthy knight on the other side (yes, he uses the word knight), he says his heart leaps like a flame when his competitor stumbles, but he's not always a part of that that

"A . . . what did you say?"

"High testosterone."

"Are you speaking English?" he says. "Trotz-der-est-est. It is a male hormone. Men with high levels require less sleep. What answers do you suffer from?"

"None," says Rutherford.

He lets a shoulder. "Well . . . I don't know," he says, gaily comporing himself after the considerate compliment.

"Not to because what T. S. Eliot called a 'yellow man,'" he says.

He laughs on a soft, low voice, shifting a little forward in his chair. He spreads his fingers out on his knee. Besides his reader scores, the most likable thing about Rutherford is his glib air of pretense, his total concern for the impression he is producing.

"I think it is a real and present danger," says Rutherford, "and I would say the danger is much greater now for me than it would have been fifteen, twenty years ago. First of all because I am constantly hearing all that NASA grade you fuel. Constantly."

"Very pleasant."

"Ahhhhh, yes," says Rutherford. He smiles.

"Deadly."

"Choose whatever you want," he says.

don't screw around. If I'd done one third of what

people say I have, if I'd had half the women,
I'd be a great man. But I haven't. I wish I had."

Up. Well, I'm sorry it had to happen.

"Machonelli says you have to wege when out socially?"

"Machonelli," whispers Rutherford, delighted. He smiles, his face lighting up, his pupils widening and making his eyes look very black.

"I think Machonelli is right, but the more experience I get, the less I need to have for socially doing it?" He sighs深深. "I find myself saying, Yes, that's the preeminent thing to do, the smart thing to do. But in hell with them! I'm not going to do it! I don't have the assassin's desire!"

DO YOU FEEL IN COMPETITION WITH
BRUNO AND JENNINGS?

"Sure."

"How much sleep do you need?"

"Four and a half to five," says Rutherford. He crosses his legs.

"A high-octane man?"

"Tom think you're not going to get yourself as a certain pleasure and hold it. Higher. Sounds great. But how do you know when you have reached that plateau, and who do you know who can teach it and hold it?"

"Now, I had a very bad bout last Martin's day, or Tuesday. I was really awful. I mean terrible. If it had been a game, the coach would have pulled me. My point is that no body—nobody—nobody said, something.

When you do the hard at work, most people don't notice you. No notice what they may be thinking. If somebody does notice it, well, I can't tell them that now. Even if I know, which equals that it's now. The biggest mistake made by people who do this kind of work is that there is this tremendous, psychological, undercurrent, that I

(continued on page 202)

K. JANE CARROLL is writing a book on TV series. This is her first piece for *Esquire*.



SIX FOR THE '90S

An early look at
the next generation of
great designers

Dries Van Noten's jackets are like rugged palasas. They'd be perfect if you sleep-bliefed. This marled sport jacket is broad across the shoulders and has a lapel flap, giving it an alpine look. Oryenzia blue denim shirt slouchy Dries Van Noten.

He may be Italian, but Salvatore Rubbia designs clothes that are distinctly American. His fall collection is a return to the classicism of the American '50s and '60s, with tailored jackets and baggy trousers. The green double-breasted sport jacket (opposite page) is broad that much across the chest. Green knit mock-neck sweater by Barry Bricken.



Domenico Dolce used to work in his father's clothing factory in Sicily, cutting, sewing, and selecting fabrics. Stefano Gabbana studied graphics at design school. So it's only natural that they'd combine to produce simple and elegant clothing from the finest fabrics. Dolce & Gabbana's first men's-wear collection includes this olive four-button wool sport jacket, beige washed-silk shirt, and burgundy vest.



New Republic was a small vintage clothing store in SoHo before Jim Silverman and Thom Filicia decided to fill the shop with their own designs. Today the clothes are still a throwback to the '60s, but with a definite '90s feel. For example: This rust single-breasted sport jacket with a traditional windbreaker pattern has wide lapels and a belted back that's stylish without looking like a costume. Other items: denim shirt also by New Republic.



Wool & Michael Kors: Indigo jacket in soft, lush fabrics that offer a more athletic without sacrificing style. This navy and indigo-trimmed wool sport jacket has a stand collar that suggests the relaxed feel of a smoking jacket. Silk shirt also by Wool & Michael Kors.

It's small news to him for some time that Isaac Mizrahi is a talented designer and stylist, the twenty-five-year-old New Yorker is launching his first men's collection. Mizrahi's clothes are comfortable and well tailored, with an emphasis on color. The double-breasted gabardine sport jacket and trousers have a soft indigo wash and a collar that's lessens as nears leather. Navy Sea Island Cotton shirt with matching tie also by Isaac Mizrahi. Black suede wing tips by Bally.



He's a flower, all right—a savage, grinning, fugitive flower. But she's being tied up in knots! "People ask me, what does the show say about the role of women today?" Katey Sagal is eating her vegetables with her fingers. But only because that permits her to underline her words with her fork. "I just look at them and say, 'What are you thinking of?'" Of course she knows exactly what they're thinking: What kind of soulless tramp would turn herself into Big Bundy, the languid, menthol-breathed goddess of leopard-print lust on the TV series *Married... with Children*? What she'd like to say is, Look, go give Lucille Ball grief. But instead she tries to play the game, to create some distance between her fame and her self. Watch—here comes the concerned-Hollywood-star routine: "Believe me, when I first got involved with the homeless, it was a celebrity-call thing. But since then I've learned a lot about it, and now I care about it." At this point, she can't resist popping the high seriousness of the moment. "But I'm not some political scholar. I mean, I can barely get through the paper." Oops—now she's afraid she's gone too far. "But I'm not some idiot." What contortions! And all because she's good at her job. ■ She rises to table-hop the West Hollywood health-food restaurant for a minute, an angry Sweet 'N Low packet clings to her bare elbow. When the return, the conversation cuts short to something odd and gross, her personal life. But this will be her undoing. We're both making incredulous sounds at the fact that she's dirty-faced and at this moment unattached. "I don't know," she laments. "My sexual life has never been the peak experience it could be." It's about here that a woman at the next table—a woman who, it turns out, has known Katey since they were inseparable—leaps into the intimate moment.

"What kind of men go for her?" the friend who stands "All men!"

"No!" Katey squalls.

"Serves! But the men she's interested in all have less than five teeth!"

"What?" Katey sounds stricken.

"No, but it's the music—the street, the real stuff, it's the hunger she likes. He has to be weird! She's a food Islands. She could have any guy she wants, basically."

"But I haven't found the right one!"

"She's suffered a lot," her friend replies. "And she doesn't write to anyone."

K A T E Y

S A G A L

"Right." It goes on like that until Katey's younger sister, Lisa, suddenly intercedes.

"She's a role model," Lisa repeats.

"I was a hoodlum," Katey shouts back.

"She was the inspiration of cool things."

"Wat?"

"Yeah—especially when you were with Spielberg?"

At the mention of this last line—Spielberg?—Katey finally leans in. It's a familiar sound, the Big Bundy cackle—the dour, golfish, knowesome laugh overheard. She is undone. We are undone. ■ ■ ■

The Time-Zone Watch

Whether
you're
checking
gold
prices in

Tokyo or just late for dinner at Maxim's, these
timepieces go around the world in sixty seconds

The Breitling
Time-Zone
watch
lets you tell
time in
anywhere in
the world.



From left to right: Audemars Piguet's Time Zone watch (\$11,500) in 18-karat yellow gold is automatic and has a 30-hour power reserve. It features a dial with 24 time zones and a date window. The larger watch is Breitling's Time-Zone watch (\$1,200) with a mechanical movement and a 30-hour power reserve and self-winding. It features a 24-hour time-zone dial on the bezel. Then there is a smaller version in yellow gold with a dark dial. The eighteen-karat gold Gruen's "People's World-Time" watch (\$14,500) from Breguet e'Goutte is automatic and displays the winding reserve available. A dial to find the sunlines in the case opens to reveal a world map. The case, dial, and hands are all gold.



WHO CARES WHO

SURE, WE'RE DUSTING FOR FINGERPRINTS

Who Did It?	Roger Ackroyd	J.K. Twag,	Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty	Murder Acre
In What?	Agatha Christie's <i>The Mystery of Roger Ackroyd</i>	Dalí	Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's <i>The Final Problem</i>	Who Framed Roger Rabbit?
When?	1926	1940	1890	1940
Where?	His study	His office	The Kestrelbeck Toll, Switzerland	A Townsman warehouse
How?	stabbed with a dagger	Shot with a .38 Caliber pistol	Such men tell no their deaths locked in coffins	Crushed to death by a falling safe
Who Died?	Dr. James Sheppard	Karen Shepard	Sherlock Holmes and Sherlock Holmes	Judge D. W. M.
Why?	Follow-up on his last case—in which she was the one man who knew his secret	Fame and recognition—Karen, J.K. Twag, and Moriarty, and about to be devoured by bats for postmortem	Holmes To rid Europe of the Napoleon of crime Moriarty To end Britain of the Napoleon of devours	Reckless greed and sexual propositus
What Hap- pened Later?	Sheppard committed suicide	J.K. was crippled and never saw Karen again; she died in J.K.'s pool	Holmes first went bonkers and demanded that Conan Doyle bring him back to life Conan Doyle obliged him in <i>The Adventure of the Empty House</i> , in which it was explained that Holmes survived and was still holding his few pieces	Judge D. was devoured at his own "dip." Roger Rabbit was cleaned
Who Said It Best?	"The good dog, he does not leave the saint!" —Hercule Poirot	"Who shot J.K.?" —CBS tag line	"If you are clever enough to bring down the curtain upon me, you succeed that I shall die as much to you." —Professor Moriarty	"I'm not bad, I'm just drawn that way." —Roger Rabbit



"I'm not bad, I'm just drawn that way."
—Roger Rabbit

KILLED LAURA PALMER ?

TODAY, BUT WILL ANYBODY REMEMBER WHODUNIT TOMORROW?

Helen Kuske	Cop'n Coach	Number 6 (aka John Drakoff)	The Bobba Family: Tracy, Jones, Cynthia, Conchita, Lewis, Libby, Ronda, and Marshall	Prison
The Pigeon	"Where's the Cop'n?" ad campaign	Elie Frenier	Bill Adler and Thomas Gantley's Who Killed the Bobba Family?	The Peds of Fender
1963	1981	1963	1983	1916
His home	Green beans, television, radio, and print ads	The Village	The family yacht Falcon, the Maruza of Gatchina, the Orient Express, Lewis's car, the Texas Room, a visitors house on a Greek island, and George Prinian's house	Two name it
Bludgeoned to death with a lamp	Disappeared and was replaced by a big, blue question mark and a white off-white	Held captive in the powerful community of prisoners by large, balloon-like "caves"	Poisoned, shot, strangled, drowned from a train, beheaded in a car, smothered with a pillow, pushed from a train, and executed	Shoved from a cliff, thrown up in a ship, kidnapped by gypsies, out of the road, etc.
Paul Johnson, aka the One Armed Man	Cop'n Coach brand group	Number 1	Edwin Robert, Dr. John Portas, Alfred the Butler and his wife, Dorcas, Steven Roland, Ann "Wiggy," Lewis Stevens, Ernest Tracy, Dr. John Forbes, and George Prinian	The village, Kerner
Brooks a self defense	To kill, move around	Because he knew too much?	Revenge, economic depression, financial gain, a "new" group of marauders, accidents, bias, racism and discrimination, and negligence	To end her infatuation
Dr. Richard Kuske, strongly convinced of his wife's murder, escaped and located the One Armed Man, who was later shot by Lt. Philip Gerard	Two thousand children each was \$100 for determining that the Cop'n was taken to the Infirmary Way. The cover sold and sold	Number 6 over Number 2 and spent 17 episodes trying to escape radio figures out who was holding him captive. He cleverly named the night he was to be called by a number, learned that he had been Number 1, and escaped from the Village. But who knows?	The book with the solve-a-maze/maze mystery was solved, and it became a best seller. The authors wrote a sequel, <i>The Revenge of the Bobba Family</i> .	The hero, Harry Mazer, always came in last season
"You won't shoot me, you need me alive." —The One Armed Man	"Where's the Cop'n?" —Inconceivable ads	"A man like you is worth a great deal on the open market." —Number 2	"Solve the mystery, was \$18,000." —Book-packer Marsh	

TOM WOLFE

I THE SCREAMING OF THE WEEKIES Let's start with the day that Mary Gordon came anguished. It happened on public television, so the odds are that you've still got six or seven hundred chances to see it. If you want to know how Tom Wolfe operates, it's a pretty great show to watch. In it, Wolfe basically reduced a bright, articulate, and talented woman to a quivering, humiliated wreck. He did this

He punctures all of our pretenses and gets away spot-free

without saying an unkind word or making an unkind gesture—unless you count the way he was smiling at an unkind gesture, which Gordon clearly did. • She had gone on Lewis Lapham's show to defend literary manners and defend her fellow novelists. Wolfe had just written an arrogant, snooty, condescending, unfunny, and not altogether specious literary manifesto in which he'd claimed that the anemia of the American novel was due to an orgy of self-absorption. He

ALOFT IN THE

had declared that only the kind of fiction he was writing (realism) was alive, and that the kind of fiction everyone else (including Gordon, by inference) was writing was yesterday's fish sticks. • Then he sat across the table from Gordon, polite, gracious, and solicitous. "But my dear," he seemed to be saying to her, "whatever is the matter?" His very-blur eyes were twinkling, and his eyebrows

By Lisa Grunwald
were doing a maraca. He was all smooth and mock innocence. "I had tried to do a very modest thing in this piece," he said (to her), "which was simply to hand back to everybody the keys to the kingdom, and it's very hard to hand these keys

out. I mean, people don't seem to—"

• "Mary?" Lapham asked, and suddenly Gordon's eyes rolled, and her nostrils flared, and every cell of her body seemed ready to explode at a great gush of brilliant argotism. As it happens, she made some good points (Good points, Mary! as Wolfe might say), but her voice was shaking so much that it was tough

STATUS SPHERE





PAINTING BY MARSHA ARISMAN

to take her seriously. She was rebelling, literally rebelling, with outrage and courage and disaffection. Inside every word she said was an irredeemable treachery, and because the treacherous words were too many even before she looked as if she was going to burst across the aisle and grab Wolfe by the stiff blue Victorian collar around his cool, pale, haggard neck.

And Wolfe? Wolfe was having a great time. He was the guy who wears a brawny t-shirt, then picks up his hat, dusts off his coat, and steps over the bodies. There was a smile on his face that was cruel and polite and pleasant and misleading, and he might just as well have been back up early, back in the golden dawn of his career, the first time he made it as a reporter, the women—screams

I INTRODUCING CAPTAIN ICE CREAM. American writers are supposed to take born, hungry, puny, brood, and cool. Tom Wolfe punches, chucks,



Wolfe became a conservative or fails because there were too many liberals.

to embusks anyone who'd lived through the Seventies, and he offered *The Bonfire of the Vanities* as the death knell for the Rightists. His way, in short, has been brilliant.

Wolfe's critics have included William Shawn ("the omnious cartoon, the minuscule, flat, possessive reader, the smiling embalmer"), *Newsweek's* New Yorker ("the perfect magazine fiction for suburban women"); the archdukes of the Random ("The White God! Come from the skies at last!"); the arums, citruses, and parsnips who make up New York's art world (aka "Calcuttaburg"); most unfriendly ("Bob Sherrill's account arrived unprepossessingly one day in a box from London. Impaired, he slipped it into his mouth like a set of teeth"); cocktail-party liberals ("what man in all history has ever been

WOLFE

has no time for

wastelands, either spiritual or actual. He's the Ice Cream Man.

los, cavorts, rebels, and poison people off. Even in 1950, that is a masterpiece doing it bad, because it seems that the American writer is still supposed to be Hemingway. The ideal American writer can just make bad matches—a spectator, terse and rugged, who smashes too much and drinks too much and ends up a graying angus of caloric, dross, and self-distrust. The fundamental myth of the American writer seems to be of a man who loves his experience and reflection, action and thought, sex and mystery, love and death, a man curiously robust and curiously fragile.

Tom Wolfe is curiously fragile for as long, say, as he is and in weirdly robust. Married for twelve years, father of two, increasingly unacquainted with, looks, vice, or crippling self-doubt, he appears to be one of the few American writers unassimilated by despair. Wolfe has no fear for what he does, either spiritual or sexual. How could he? He's the Ice Cream Man. He serves a when you and an aspargus, and he stands by a truck filled with cold, cold cream. Early on he discovered that nobody seemed to sample his wares, he would simply open his frozen door, dish up some scoops of cold, said badness, and ring down (blissfully) at his customers' knees. He found that as long as his own syrupy truck, the crowds would begin to gather.

With the commercial and critical success of *The Bonfire of the Vanities* (quipping over one of *The Right Stuff* and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*), the crowds these days have been more like drohngs. And there's nothing to suggest that they will run out of coming around. For more than a quarter of a century now, Captain Ice Cream has been dishing the stuff out—afterburner! that's up and down and grilling—and a bit anal. He has made his mark on every decade. His pioneer of the New Journalism to help define the counterculture in the Sixties, he caused the now "the Me Decade,"

now facets of his web naked when Radical Chic ran along rotundly through a Park Avenue duplex and letting it all hang out"; the middle-class members of the Me Decade ("such suppressed such solo! such! meiosis, hyperbole, self-reminiscence, shocking reversals—"); Manhattan pseudosages ("All for one and one for all, and lone fat oneself"); and, most recently, the postmodernists (novelists who aren't writing the way he is) ("The Me Decade... were about real interests, but they were, too, too do meiosis ones, for the most part, usually in like Kurt Vonnegut *Slaughterhouse-Five* settings, in a despondent pose composed of desparately sharp, simple sentences—with the emotion underneath").

Captain Ice Cream's fans have been all sorts of self-patricots. Self-aggrandizement—phew! Self-Exposure—phew! Self-delusion, self-assertiveness, self-entitlements, self-doubts, self-pity, self-reminiscence! Self, self, self! Phew, phew, phew!

Or, more, not everything. Wolfe has wannabes who an attack all three of his longer fictions—*The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, *The Right Stuff*, and *The Bonfire of the Vanities*—as mere irreverence for the stories they tell that for whatever social criticism they tell over. But that doesn't mean Wolfe's longer works haven't made stout people crazy. It may seem sort of quaint now, but there was a time when authors and editors and critics argued passionately about the overhanded, compromised style and the safe cover. New Journalism is reporting that Wolfe brought it to its apex in *Art and Art*. (Even so, giddy *New York Times* was sufficiently confused—or infected—to title its review "Blissouswork.")

Lion Grawein is the features editor of *Esquire*. Her novel *The Theory of Everything* will be published next spring by Knopf.

As for *The Right Stuff*, it is difficult to exaggerate how truly unheroic it was in 1979 to make flesh-and-blood heroes of military men. And with *Starfire*, it has proved equally controversial to portray blacks in the harsh light that Wolfe clearly wanted to show them. Most of what he has written has had a certain calculated perversity. Even when he isn't being a scamp, he tries to remain a scamp.

So poor vibrating Mary Gordon has hardly had the less visual outrage on countervoice. Over the past twenty-five years, Wolfe has been accused, sometimes convincingly, sometimes not, of a variety of his own sins, including indifference, irresponsibility, snobbery, predictability, gladness, meanness, exaggeration, indolence, amorality, amorality, racism, and arrogance.

But meanwhile, the crowd by the track keeps growing. Wolfe's books have been best sellers and *Starfire* is known as well as any living writer's can. His presence is required and the glittering lights of



As a reporter for the *Springfield Union* in 1938, Wolfe interviewed J.P.C.

Wolfe has been giving interviews for more than two decades, and in fact a collection of a dozen of these have already been published. What they reveal, apart from a remarkable knack for self-ellipse ("I've been saying the same things since time was," he admits), is that one of the ways that Captain for Christ keeps him out of clean air by steering all questions away from himself.

Actually, there is one moment's got about every once every that verges on the preposterous. It is the Tom Wolfe Clothing Cap. In earlier decades, before Wolfe was married and a father, and when his baseball-hood had extended somewhat suspiciously into his bosom, *The New York Times* actually wrote of his clothing style: "That's not effeminate, just a way of getting known." So there was a race when asking Wolfe about his dress presumably second best

ONE OF the ways that he

keeps his suit clean is by steering all questions away from himself.

New York society ("If you're cracked enough," he says, "you can't miss"). And the question that is lobbed at him never seems to make a mark.

So get what, Captain for Christ? How the hell do you keep your suit so white?

THE COOL, WHITE SELFLESS SHIP. There is a known expandable space case in Tom Wolfe's townhouse that leads to a second floor sitting room. The sitting room is painted an almost pearl-yellow, a small round table with a lavender velvet in blackish bags are covered, a large framed poster of a bat dominates the room. The bookshelf, which extends the length of the room, holds an unimpressive mix of authors: Robert Stone, Joseph Wambaugh, Samuels, Maxine, William Faulkner, Solzhenitsyn, Guy Tiers, Jack Kerouac. The floor, which is covered in a kind of pop-art oriental and square, purple-yellow on sage green, convenience-center rug, is at the moment cluttered with several dozen stacks of books, all editions of Wolfe's work. There are piles of old papers and children's drawings, and busts half packed and labeled. Polaroid and color, even the calm white cover, Wolfe apologizes for the confusion, explains that the family is moving, and clean is plain to us. He was born and raised in Richmond, Virginia, the son of a successful engineer and architect. Wolfe's grandmothers have been noted before. He may still seem like an uneducated game, but in person he acts like a northern boy.

At any rate, Wolfe looks fifty, preposterously fit, with only a line of gray running way the sandy hair at his temples. Even amid the chaos of packing, he's gleefully and impeccably dressed: white shirt, blue slacks, red collar, blue tie. The clock on his wall holds to a straight, mercurial line.

preposterous. It is the Tom Wolfe Clothing Cap. In earlier decades, before Wolfe was married and a father, and when his baseball-hood had extended somewhat suspiciously into his bosom, *The New York Times* actually wrote of his clothing style: "That's not effeminate, just a way of getting known." So there was a race when asking Wolfe about his dress presumably second best

is a War. In it's not. Wolfe's clothing is really a shield—a way of deflecting attention from the man inside the suit. His favorite explanation is that he wears white for winter in "a barefoot form of aggression."

Apart from such verbal confessions, Wolfe has always managed to remain at a well-tipped remove. "Ooops, I remember, she [the BBC] approached me about doing a week in the life of a writer," he says, "and I tried to think what I would be doing this week, and I assumed so much less interesting than what people imagined the life of a writer to be that I didn't want to do it. My life is not what I write about. I'm so different from most of the things I have written about, and to me the challenge is to write about areas of life that you're not at home in. That's not a preoccupation, but for me that makes things interesting and gets me outside of myself."

"Details of capital?" is the key phrase here. But consider another power dig at the audience and across Wolfe's lines to his. Heaven forbid he should give in, himself, to their most superficial yearnings. So when Wolfe is asked how he feels about Mary Gordon dressing low down, he talks about the function of other writers, and along the way he says, "So many of them were really right up about this."

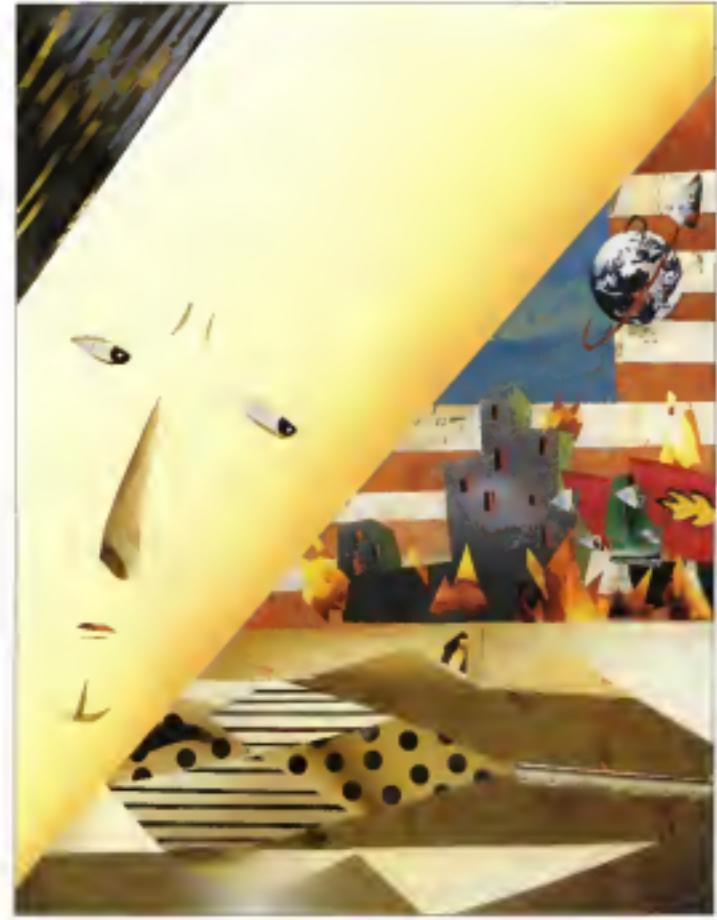
"But you love it," he says. "You love it." He laughs. "I don't mind it," he says, and has a hysterical dance.

"What makes you love it? You have to love it a lot."

"Well," he says, "I would have to psychopathize myself to know that, probably."

"Perf free?"

"Well, this isn't exactly an answer, but for whatever reason, I find anguish within the atomic order in running so innocent anywhere else in life, and within a continental order, we're all used



STATUS

is Wolfe's one
big idea. It is his theme, topic, viewfinder, and ice cream scoop.

no enduring diagnosis on the outside and not at all used to criticizing it on the inside."

You're right, Captain. It isn't exactly an answer. Or "Do you ever think about death?" "I do, but I try to ban those thoughts now." Or "Do you think about whether your work will last?" "I do, but that way lies madness." Or "What have you learned from being a father?" "Well, I've learned a lot about children."

Part of this, of course, is just the skill of a veteran reporter who's all too aware of the interview game. Wolfe has been a reporter since the age of twenty-five, when he finished his doctorate in American Studies at Yale and got a job at the Union in Springfield, Massachusetts. He knows as well as anyone does what raw details, what secret secrets can escape if an interview subject becomes too willing to please his interviewer.

But Wolfe's discretion is not just pragmatism. And it's not quite as simple as false modesty. His quiet, no-shock attitude is an essential part of Captain Lee Custer's gleeful anger. But it's also a giddy system of thought that runs through everything he has written.

WE SCOPES TO CONQUER Here's what Captain Lee Custer will tell you. Here's what he'll tell you while he's drinking the coffee it's served with (read: news business) in an East Side coffeehouse that's got

ten too much:

Everything is broken. Everything is status. All the hunting and sailing of the postwar American years have been about fashion, about trying to keep up with the Joneses. According to Wolfe, you would not dream the dreams you dream, marry the wife you marry, have the job you have if it weren't for status. According to Wolfe, what matters most to you, what is behind the fears you fight and the loves you pursue and the needs you fulfill and the memory you write, is your concern for your position in life, and its presence relative to other positions.

According to Wolfe, status is more powerful than love; it is more personal than sex. The discussion of it, in fact, Wolfe says, "is the fundamental subject."¹

According to Wolfe, you are probably only reading this article because you feel you should know where Tom Wolfe is, and the reason you feel you should know about Tom Wolfe is that you hope the next time somebody brings up his name at a cocktail party, you'll have something interesting to say.

It is Wolfe's one big idea. It is his theme, topic, viewfinder, and ice cream scoop. You have to understand Wolfe's views on status if you want to understand how to attack the self-aggrandizers and press so hard and so wise policy of them now. In a right interview, he was quoted as saying, "Perfect government would deal con-

sciously, never collected, that is memorable, for one reason only, and that is the following sentence: 'I'd particularly like to watch Murray Kempton's, a New York columnist, embezzled as his income stream of being a cold French essayist.'

1968: *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*

Wolfe's most complete, most complex work. He has his luciferous style meshed perfectly with his luciferous subject. Keenly as a microscope

THE PRINTED WORD

A selective guide to the best of Wolfe

1963: "There Goes (Various Versions) The Candy-Kolored Tangaroa-Flitke Streamer Baby" of boy. In this piece, collected in *The Candy-Kolored Tangaroa-Flitke Streamer Baby*, Wolfe shows something he has shown again: an unabated respect for a human being.

1967: "How You Can Be So Well-Informed as to Tom Wolfe?" A short article he wrote for

1968: "The Last American Hero Is Junior Johnson, You!" Johnson was Wolfe's first subject and the original good



MATTHEW WOLFE

ENIGMA

If you enjoy drinking a fine blended scotch like Chivas, Black Label or Pernod, the idea that Glenfiddich is even smoother than these excellent scotches is a very puzzling thought.

REVELATION

But once you try Glenfiddich, everything becomes clear. It's a pure malt that isn't blended with grain whiskey. So it's smoother. And the taste is so distinctive, your very first sip will be a revelation.



steadily with one subject: status. And every article written would be devoted to classifying and defining status new status. Not more, but all things that Wells has written—articles, essays, lectures, and model—were followed this paradigm. From *The Anatomy of Kolossal* (Tangerine Book, Greenwich, 1967) to *The Dialect of the Masters* (1967), he has consistently portrayed men and women as members of the same classes he likes to call "status spheres." (Also *plus*, *total*.)

Forget geometry. Each status sphere is basically a status pyramid, a little mountain of fashion striving. Each pyramid exists in its definition (apart from all of other pyramids). Each pyramid, too, has its own clothing apex, where a man is, much more easily, a woman, stands up, larger than life, as the others have stood a bit of time.

FORGET geometry: Each

status sphere is a pyramid, a little mountain of fashion striving.

seen many more. Whether it's a cassette car or self-service on *Will Stays*, the haves are always the last as what they do. The have-nots sit in armchairs and eat cans, generally afraid of being "left behind." (*The Right Stuff*) or "left the bus" (*West Side*). In the same situation—between champion and pretender—either in every *Willie* work, and the same quantum—Does he have it? Will he get it? Will he lose it?—keep readers running the pages.

It sounds formulaic, that's because it is. What prevents it from becoming trite is *Willie's* unceasingly representational intent, his ability to find new areas in which to apply the formula. *Willie* has steadily avoided the most obvious subjects of the first three decades: the Vietnam War, international politics, national politics,

secession, Washington, poverty, AIDS, sex, and Hollywood. It's not that these subjects lack their importance. *Willie* could wrench status away at a moving house. It's that he needs new tools in order to keep his status from seeming fixed. So over the years, he has brought in the news media moguls, the record companies, stock-car racers, record producers, authors, disc jockeys, names, disorders, sex customs, headhunts, architects, artists, critics, entrepreneurs, soldiers, and *Wall Street*, and we've been in investment and entertainment but we have never found this predictable.

His partly formulaic style has kept his work fresh, also. The plots are set up by typical persons for status situations from seeming like the middle class that many of them are. *Willie* never says

good or bad—say great. So *Elmer Gantry* is "the most incendiary scripture in history," and *King of the Gutter* is "King of the Status Dropouts." The status group is defined by the rules that "anybody" (that is, who's anybody) knows. ("Everybody would meet somebody else . . ."), and that "anybody" (that is, who's high) can really feel him. ("Does anybody out there really understand what it means that Murray the K. is the #1 Rocker? . . . Not practically anybody out there comprehend[s] it.") *Willie's* book is always written in his reader's sense of audience subtext. What he is actually doing is using the insecurities his readership have. "If you don't understand about Murray the K., don't worry, I won't give you away, just read on and you'll find me here!" Even in his audience,

he here. And the book has a beginning, middle, and end. Also, the status theory seems to have grown out of the reporting, in stead of having been brought in as

1970: Radical Chic & Mau Mauing the Black Panthers

Again, from being *Willie's* most notoriously bad work, it leaves the first instance that he has written. "Anyone who has spent a three day weekend with Leopold in the country, by the shore, or captive on some long, some day in the Windmill Islands knows that Leopold's the abiding symbol of adventure, anarachy, and malevolent genius in the *Green Interiors*, *The Wild Palms*, *Empire*, the champion of *Marcel Proust*, the *First Analyst*, Mr. Let's Find Out, leads the troops on a searing two-hour bloodbath march through the lower grades and the generals of, no, revolutionaries, allowed, until every human being is reduced to nothing but a clump of dried scrawled mud a human no back and cold, implored, in one last

outburst of terminal boredom."

1973: The New Journalism

"Willie's" first literary masterpiece is very exactly what "Stalking the Bill Boned Bear" very, except that it concludes that the solution is potentialism, rather than nihilism.

1978: "The Mr. Deeds and the Third Gear Analysis

You can find it in *Master Classes* or *Mademoiselle*, *Charles de Vries*, *Sanford* and other wise later impressive collections of studies. This proves the finest example of preposterous, repulsive, and trend-catching self-indulgence. Long may it reign.

1979: The Right Stuff

Willie's exploration of status spheres in the aerospace.

1987: The Radius of the Visitor

Consider a on whatever level you choose. It is now impossible to ignore a, impossible to stop reading a, and impossible not to hope that more will come at the next few years.

The difference between dressed, and well dressed.

BATTLY

BATTLY®

Leather Outfitter
Rockwear
Bread Leather Goods
Buckles
Belt
Shoes

Richards
Greenwich, CT
For free brochure write:
Doris, One Richy Place,
New Canaan, New York, 10519
See Reader Service Card after page 119



Wolke plays to screen strong. "I would say that everybody lives by a fiction, absolute," he explains, "a set of values that, if they were absolute, if there were a God who said, 'Yes, above are the right values,' would make them and people like themselves paramount in the eyes of God. And I think that's a powerful pull."

"One of the most striking ones of human emotion is a loquacious sense of *humiliation*," Wolfe says, "and that feeling, that horrible feeling which drives people mad and which stops work—which leads to sudden violence on the streets all the time—we're looking at human humiliation. All that has to do with status."

Boomer love? A small sphere of raw, elemental love? A smoldering up of three or four or five "With a dash," Wells says, "the problems comes when you've found a rat shoulder to shoulder with people who are sharing a lot because of a lot worse than you. As long as the people who do long, a good deal better than you are out across the block, they can

THE RE

relatively poisonous.

are only three

true heroes—three people Wolfe seems to admire—in all his work.

be also suppose Presidency lowers you to feel that post's really not doing well by your family unless you upgrade. That's how status in the sense of upward mobility begins to invade, re-crack the perfect sphere."

There are only three testicular tumors people Wolfe truly seems to specialize in all of his work. They are Jessie Johnson, Kent Kasey, and Chuck Yeager, and closer and beyond whatever physical or psychic beauty they show, they are heroes precisely because Wolfe never lets us see that those tennis spheres cringe. They never look over their shoulders. They never have the anxiety, guilt, self-doubt, and ambivalence of status anxiety. That is probably the only way to be, there is no risk of humiliation, and there is nothing below the black.

"No wonder that Wolfe thinks when he's asked to define his own status up there and tell where he thinks he stands in it, 'I'm not even going to be foolish enough to guess,'" he says. "You can't help but be aware of when you're going up or down, losing your seat around really thinking about it." This is one of the few sentences Wolfe doesn't choose to finish. Let's give the ending a shot, shall we? "I'll just sit around really thinking about it, then you're just like the economist now to have to meet."

V IS EVERYBODY DISPLACED? Once you get the hang of Wolfe's status theory, you can begin to understand how he measures social inequality. His status system doesn't just describe how free-riding seniors do things and senior people interact. It describes that the seniors?

In 1948, Wolfe wrote a two-part batch of *politics*—*The New York and Williams Stories*. This was published in the old *New York* magazine of the Sunday Herald Tribune, and it ran under the initials of “Tom McGuire.” The True Story of the Ruler of 4,000,000, the first part, was a scathing critique of the insurance industry, of medical insurance, for him. The soul-searching of the Senators, the religious issue of the New York air war, the enormous influence of the Bolshevik movement, the money loans of the English, the status self-exploitation of pseudomartyrs, the



Review of the website: A TESOL website on The New Turkish media: many anomalies

Soest's *Land of the Walking Dead*? At the bottom of New York's subsequent letters and lists, Wolfe wrote, "[The New Yorker's] followers—moreover—exult just like those of any other success group when somebody proposes that their holy bathos [sic] must not be holy snark at all. They assume like weasels over a round fan."

The woesies, so that Eric
case, included Wilton Lipp-
man, Joseph Alsop, J. D.
Salinger, E. B. White, Marquis
Kempson, Richard Rummel,
Meredith Monk, and Yoko
Ono. Some adjectives that
the press were "unassimilable,"
others "Salinger had used the
whole "incoherence and aphel-
legic and ghoulish and un-
relatively poisonous."

He's been suspicious that the women had used to describe the place were "unattractive," "hostile," "unapproachable," and "feminine." Sallenger had used the last ones, though. He'd called the aisle "unapproachable and repulsive," "legion and gleeful and unrelatively poisonous."

**MacKellar
Leather Outfitter
Small Leather Goods
Briefcases
Belts
Shoes**

For free brochure write
Vernon, One-Billy Plaza,
New Rochelle, New York 10801

now. All of these Wolfe has seen not as evidence of depth or bring up, true passion—not even as proof of sincerely decent character—but as the habitual products of possessive, jealous, and ignorant women. (Indeed, of course, he's been right.)

Wolfe's characters vary greatly. When he has cast General Sherman as a cold-minded hypocrite in *Radical Chic*, the Human League goes out only high over the museum's astonishing statement to Black Panther Bay Co. "Most of the people in this room have had a problem about being uninvited," Wolfe cracked in glee. "Lumpy is unshakable.... He has put himself into the Black Pali



Master of his universe
"I really do have confidence in what I write."

Boogies are memorable more as evasions than as flesh-and-blood people. The fact that the Reverend Fenton and Senator McCay are caricatures makes them no less enjoyable, and still would be true if Wolfe's second novel were written. But Wolfe's stated aim is great artistic fiction, as the level of Tolstoy, Dickens, and Zola. Wolfe has often exalted the power of the written word to move readers to tears, but there is nothing in Wolfe that comes close to having that impact. You can't be deeply moved by people you think of as caricatures.

When Wolfe loses depth of character, he also loses depth of meaning. His least interesting moments are when he is lost, dense, insipid, and banal; despair, hope, and despair—except made in their several secret status—arising by partaking more

HE HAS achieved the

sublime contentment and peace of having a total system of thought.

Risk & Reck, when anyone other had an analysis or quoted Ernest Dreibus (telling Marley that distinguishing methods were brought by women with anti-compassions).

Wolfe is the guy who wrote about Sigmond Freud, "How remarkable it is to speculate that if the lad had but can around the block a few times in a speeded fashion whenever the evil impulse would lorn and talus cold showers regularly—the torus of life today or the United States, and throughout the West, might be radically different."

The bottom line: If you are suffering, if you are feeling angry, angry, self-shame, self-looking, pain, desolation, or wretchedness, you are not only doing so because the situation says you should.

THE THIRD LEVEL This is the delusional aspect of Wolfe's Total Institution. The irony is that it comes out of a system of thought every bit as rigorous and unchanging and monolithic as that of their Doctor himself.

Tom Wolfe is Sigmond Freud!

He is the Sigmond Freud of society.

He has achieved the sublime contentment, the aspersioned peace, of having a total system of thought! And it works as a system, it really does. He wouldn't be such a joy to read if the system didn't work.

But the system has other consequences. The first is a literary one: The reader with whom Wolfe holds in his system has led naturally to caricature and exaggeration—on both his heroes and his villains, fictional and real. It is hard to believe, for example, that the guy who does the ABC *Dynes* spark plug commercial on TV is really the same Chuck Tanner whom Wolfe described in just short of *Frontline*. By the same token, the main characters in

people in being driven by vanity, greed, and lust of humiliations, Wolfe cuts out the delusions that are of life. He quotes the reality that most people don't trust in man's innate uprightness, but in money; he guesses the fact that everyone doesn't know anything, and he guesses the fact that even of one's wants desperately in love on the bus, one can sometimes, if briefly, feel oneself just as desperate to be off the bus. Those kinds of exaggerations, if Wolfe ever understood them, would turn up his critics for good, because they would tend to tear readers. In the absence of them, one can't help wondering, from time to time, whether what Captain Joe Cusack keeps driving and won't eventually get a little money.

The second consequence of Wolfe's total system is really a more personal one: It is that trying to "get" him—trying to force any concessions on the subjects of sexuality, attorney, apo, redline, race, or politics—in the trying to call a civil Plaintiff that you feel pretty good about your partner. With a shrug, your partner will generally be fed into the system and returned to you as shrunk, or capacious, or one of those awful psychoanalytic terms that is so misleading as to be confusing, depending on whether you're on the couch or you own it. For Wolfe's world view, subserve "status" (i.e. "Dadgum it rage," and "warme assuming" for "repression," and you'll have the same basic dynamic. There is no relativity in any part of Wolfe's argument that can't be dismissed as further proof of it.

This is the ultimate lesson that Wolfe's total system shows a stain or a smudge. In present, he can one last time sheep to deliver all content and sing by the ice cream truck. My Little Gordon calls him "Ivan's name," reminds his sense of the word as "dysfunctional," says there's "something wrong" with how *Dynes* Jeremy winter screaming. Says Wolfe: "To have somebody like me come

BALLY®

The difference between dressed, and well dressed.



McMills
Belts
Leather Goods/Wear
Handbags
Belts/Accessories
Sheets

macy's ca
Selected Stores

For free brochure write:
Frontline, One Bally Plaza,
New Rochelle, NY 10801.

The Reader Service Card after page 108

along and say, 'Gee, I'm really sorry, but you've thrown decades of your life away and committed a gross blunder' is not rewarding."

People say his novel *Assassin's Diagram* showed someone acknowledging, "I didn't go by the compass," Wolfe explains. "The message says that it's only okay to bring up the subject of moral ambiguities if you produce an enlightened character, preferable from the steers, who leads everyone to a better world. I didn't do that. It doesn't work that way."

And people say his rather curious well-laden *Diagram* problem wherein a screaming Wolfe once called bitterness, envy, and resentment "horrible salutes in such forms." With *Assassin*, unlike his nonfiction work, the author didn't just invent the subtlety part; he built an elaborate, large, Victorian house there, a house in which a lot of people seemed to write in ways to avoid name-calling. "I consider myself," Wolfe says, "by remembering *Assassin*, Balzac wasn't appreciated either."



With his wife, Shelly, and their children, Tommy and Alexander.

act of just living were not going to be his for the taking. He was going to succeed, and make a virtuous sort of writing, because the alternative was to be on the outside, and that was neither compensationally where he belonged nor pragmatically where he could have a guarantee of the greatest success. Wolfe arrived at a theory that cut across all moral and political lines, so that the theory could be anywhere, and he could not only remain unaligned but could justify his lack of joining as a sort of the trade.

This was true for him as far back as college, where he was a liberal because there were no liberals, and at Yale Graduate School, where, he readily admits, he was not a liberal because there were too many liberals. "It's hard to imagine,

WOLFE once called

bitterness, envy, and resentment "literary tribute in cash forms."

For many years now, Wolfe has turned upon even the slightest excuse to look himself in Balzac. Wolfe makes his point again: "I really do have confidence in what I write," he says, "and I'm so convinced that I'm passing the right critique that I think the only thing to hold me back is my own inertia. I don't generate new work though. A couple of years ago, with *The Bombs of the Yomtov*, people said, 'Oh, you should have won the Pulitzer Prize. They should have known!'" He laughs. "I figure, in time, they'll know."

WE INVITE ALL FRIENDS TO IRON Please forgive us, Dr. Wolfe. Forgive the bordeaux, strawberry, Earl Grey, British shell, postmodern predictability, but it is still charming to wonder why and how you came to be this way? (If you were writing about yourself, wouldn't you want to know about things?)

Phenomenal Tom Wolfe is the last *Citizen Man*: a self-portrait painted in the pale, far-colorless two-carbon dimension. He made himself into that unavoidable man. There is when for the red and blue, for the shirt and pants for the late and raw view for the hat. He never gets fat and he never gets old and he never gets anything as an clothes. He never gets drunk or partied for never says anything good. He never allows himself to collude publicly in the human emotions of fear, jealousy, rage, or greed. Captain Ira Corman is as cool that Captain Ira Corman is chilling.

So here's the scenario: somewhere in Tom Wolfe's dreams, Virgoine pour, he understood that he was never going to fit in. He was either too smart or too stiff-necked to like everyone else. All the money, status and the lapses of taste and decorum and the ugly embarrassment of people engrossed in the

even as one novels in the work that all that has led to, that if anyone had lived all the rigs, Wolfe would very have adopted it. It seems that it's been just as important for Wolfe to be different as to be right.

For instance, Dr. Wolfe. You could have been delicious any man but of ways. You could have—here's a thought—joined the Green Berets, for example. Is it no lesson to wonder why you chose the system you did? Is it so strange to ask whether a man who speaks his life writing about status achievement and winner-takes-all and sexual transgression wasn't once, you, denied a little status? Kept up the outside? Scared of failure? Knocked around the playground a few times, maybe?

"But it's not true," Wolfe answers with surprising gravity. "As I look back on it, I was, in grade school, always popular. And it was a good enough tribute to be an visiting teams and to play in amateur leagues and things of that sort. I was president of the student government, what was called the home council. I wasn't angry for a second felt like an outsider in any way. I was the editor of the school newspaper in high school, and I played on the basketball team and the baseball team. So there are two ways of looking at this. The psychological explanation is that my only way of looking at the world is derived from some personal assumption that I don't want anybody to know about. The other explanation is that I'm right."

Ahah, well—
One could go on like this, trying to play leapfrog with him, psychology swallowing status theory, status theory swallowing psychology.
"It is," Wolfe says, eyes needleing, "such a burden to be right all the time."

Kentucky Derby® On AT&T network/AT&T
©1991 Gordon Brothers, Inc. 1000 Gordon Brothers, Inc., Somers, NY



BOMBAY SAPPHIRE
POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS



JERRY GLANVILLE'S UNBUCKLED EGO

He's outspoken, outrageous, and man enough to coach even the Atlanta Falcons. By Mark Kram

Pro-football coaches work in a business of hysterical extremes, of fierce expectations and instant, unmerited answers. Football is sky-to-earth lightning, the kind that streaks windows and seems to be looking for you. It's not like baseball, with rich texture and languid turns of plot and gathering seasons. Nor is it like basketball, where form holds true here and sometimes seems like a performance lab for amateur technology. Both can seem like far-flying nineteenth-century expeditions, epic in length but short on breakthrough dispatches. Not so with pro football; it's a mania. Waggoner's enthusiasm, a weekly reenactment of some ancestral blood bond. • That observation is going to be too tame for Jerry Glanville, recently head coach of the Houston Oilers and now with the Atlanta Falcons. His verbal sketches of the game, his NFL dossier inducements, are free of any language that might obscure his "der-humor" (see *Der-Humor* review, nearby) than pro football is about splintered bones, squinting eyes, and the separation of consciousness, with the heretical intent of disengaging a prying opponent, in

CAN YOU

"imagine," he rasps, "be-

ing the last man on earth with Chuck Noll? Lookin' at that face?"

choice of subjects, short memoirs of Glencoe's history. Miss Peeler, the poet, was present; also a national poetess, James Dunn, the assumed symbol of contemporary revolt. W. C. Fields, the humorist and sharer of the lake.

An official soon asked Glennie to help him leave the decision that was delaying a Hopkins game. "Hey, what can I do," he replied. "They hate me more than you." Even he was most dead certain of that, it was in the final weeks of 1946 at Beaumont, a period that will not be lost in the memory of the fans or of Glennie, for all his deft, deflating humor, never ending wiles, spending like blin' chetoes here all over town. "What a dad!" he remembered thinking. "I feel like I was in that Sam Peckinpah movie, *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*." The mood was typical of the APC Control Division. The air that night was filled with history with the smell of coal, devonite play seems like those crumpled angles of Old Europe or when nations fought the seasonal political pugnacity for birth and death in the testing of emotional blood. For Glennie, it was the perfect stage, especially those last weeks of '46, when a division champion ship was in his grasp.

Wyche, known as a prickly, abrasive individual, goes to the back NFL team, was coldly purposed against the Lions on Sunday, he and the Bengals were

After them as if they were naked but falling from a crutch. In a buoy, the Orlas were below 31-35, then 41-47 well over the

he'd passed. Then he called his wife and sons outside back, accounted, and drove across state into Cleveland's 16th Ward. The last twenty or so seconds saw the market in heavy demand. Wyche saw out his held-up money. "I don't remember that name," he said. "Glenville" he responded. "So what?" he asked. "All I can think of is my team calling them out. They're not there beans," there were body language, and here! They call me out. Maybe? They'll run. That shows something. The same? Who cares?" Wyche was going to make sure he did care. "Call me," he said. "If you find anyone who likes Glenville." A beat ago, Wyche caught Glenville on the wire afterward and asked how it was. His reply: "I feel like Hank Williams tonight." The line comes from a song by Jerry Jeff Walker, his favorite singer. When I'm not high, I play rock 'n' roll. I like country songs. I'm loose," cooed Wyche. "I don't play Glenville quite as much as I did before. I feel like Williams tonight." A week later, Houston was in Cleveland

racino into a wild and playful song. Graveline knew that he was up against it, the news sets in the radio and the heat of the moment. "Maybe I'll just leave," he says. "I'm always up to Cleo," he says. "She's always been a big, Give her a chance, and I'll find her a husband and end her life as a spinster on the beach." "Is that you imagined?" he says, smiling. "Is that the line you're on with," asks Nell. "Not 'Kendall' as that line?" I had a story once. The doctor wanted to eat the meal, but I'd never eat again. Just like Kendall." Like Wyche, the Sonics' coach had trouble with every Dallas coach he appeared into a national weekly, an engineer who often worked with a pair in his garage as was previously comfortable to overcome isolation. A pair of programs from 1948 examine much about their relationship. The rhythmic shaking of hands (the Beatles had been on just one before bagel takes place, and Graveline is shaking, isn't that the bagel, but Nell isn't in the bagel). "You need a coach in You guys coming over, jumping on people

like that, you're going to get your ass in trouble." Jerry said to his himself, and then he blurted out, "I'm so sorry!"

This one proved to be a game worthy of drivers here. In the last minute, the Drivers, held by a goal, were one play from a winning field goal. Glavinelli said to Lorenzo White, the back by then called Jim-Way, for his batch of running heroically. "What can I do, mom," said Jim-Way into the audience. "It's what I can do," Glavinelli retorted. "Run, stop, down. The referee is like a wall of sound. The chills are up your back. But everything is smooth, quiet, like in front of a hundred houses. The bodies of safety," Glavinelli said in front of you as in this final share session. I can still see Red Woodson's helmet heading like a bullet for the ball. Lorenzo's face turned up at the end. Right in front of our hands. The half nose was, right in front of us. I was at Hey, this is my career! Hey on it? Do some, you, you also?" The Steelers recovered, and four plays later won it with a field goal. After the game, Glavinelli's son swaddled up on his lap and said, "I said a prayer," Glavinelli says, "to prevent us from the evil I could find in the air." Hey! Hey! "I was going to be a people on there!"

Houston combined other than loss, with being blamed for everything, with the economic slump. There are some who consider that the two losses may have sent all sorts of ripples sweeping in his soul. "He seems strongly pro-Union," continues, "says McLean, "but Houston has been reported as having said after the play-off: 'Friends of natural rights are destined to triumph, and we are destined to be the losers.' Houston's team, however, was not the best in the state. He was one of the few as an assessment of his age, first as an assessment of how strong he was, then as a showcase for his personality. He had to have a point, not only to avoid second line, hence the black uniforms, his preference in mouse, his talk about his car. General manager Mike McLean, an old school man, disposed himself, like his business colleagues, like his son's, in front of Gladys as a technician in trades. The players were mad in the split, with the players complaining that the coach made their life more difficult because of his savage defensive orders. Always



You know how it is. You're sitting there watching the game and you a little worked up, the heart goes. Except, if you're seated in front of a 48" Power Big-Screen, then, you're faced with the reality of being knocked out by the sheen. Bright big-screens with the heaviest, most-reflective build ever. But, even though it's heavy and shiny, it won't scare you. Because it's a non-reflective screen. It's all part of what makes Pioneer the standard in the big-screen field.

Imagine, a big-screen television designed to overwhelm you with silence, not talk. What a game plan.



 PIONEER

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com

COACHES

rap me," he says. "I

don't know. Maybe I'm Satan. The dark prince, like you say."

says, "and will be up rocks" and rocks". The poor whooped. You could feel the ones in your fingers."

Glasville suggests a ride in his black Corvette. The car goes down the highway. "Hitting pool was ever accomplished at fifty-five," he says. "Unless you're still in first gear. I love snark and sarcasm."

How does he get players to respond with such intensity as those days of wild and crazy? "Coaches rap on," he says.

"But they're hipsters. They all wear leather memory. He laughs. "I don't know. Maybe I'm Satan. The dark prince, like you say. A warmer ad ipso."

Most likely, the snark is generated from his own rebelliousness. He convinces players that

they are all High Class Doctors, discontented and headed into a town that doesn't

want them. This phrase "living on the dangerous edge" is there written by him

with snark, " he says. "There are so much apposites. Of course, saying that is unlikely to hell!" Glasville seems to have a need to create snark, to bring the game down to a thirty-second level, to sweet it away from dull and inoffensive, many of whom die by snark. "My wife," he says, laughing, "can tell you how snark I am." Early in his career, before the NFL, Glasville and his future wife, Linda, were on the highway after a tough loss. He was terribly quiet. Worried, Linda said, "It's only a game, Jerry." He overrode the radio, backed the car, jolting her forward. Eventually, he replied, "If you honestly believe that, then get out of our car. It's not our game! It's my life!"

Reef is a word much used by Glasville. He uses it twice, and uses defense, impossible ones, collapsing borders, a national errancy. It could have reference to his son

eating lunch in a school cafeteria, as he told his son to start making his own. "A small thing," he says, "but not so small." A real football play is a bloodless past and necessary. It commands mass will, "close to the board" characters. "Like one of our players who looks the size of one of our eyes and intend for the X ray and can no hold always remember. Like players with the attitude of our Dickey Bird. I always called him Puke. He said, "Gaud, do me a favor. Don't call me Puke around my parents." "Okay," I said. He said, "Just call me Vanna." A guy like that has to be to me snark."

Is Glasville an anomaly in the NFL, as is the pace the most recognizable and reprehensible of a new sort of coach? Last season, coaches were never more prominent, putting themselves as well as league officials before the eyes of Art Modell, the one, didn't like their verbal bickering, their unpopularity over the internet. "We never used to see them in the old days," says Eric Accorsi, the Browns GM. "Except when the ball was out of bounds." Now TV cameras stay in them, recording a Big close-up. The television magnifies their passion and rage.

Accorsi says he never liked Glasville or his mean's rampage. "But then you get to know him," he says, "and he's charming. I'd rather deal with him than goes who putting themselves as pretenders of Christianity and stab you in the back. Jerry always comes at you from the front. I don't see a phony. I see a guy who can't believe he's here, not from a hole. All that Puke stuff is real with him. He's not an act."

Glasville's personality is around hopefully as the rollers, a time for break even goes like the "77 Chevy," for outlaw hot-rodding, when one had behind instant car swallows, a down-together time of work as religion, of last measure, the creamy glow of Marilyn Monroe, the smolder of James Dean, the poign of Elvis Presley. It won't be so when he begins an Elvish rampage with hair as practice, or left jackets for the dead, or crossed the Hawaiian streams as in "An Officer, not like the one in *Relief Without a Cause*." "Dancing is a bit being in a time warp," he says. The actress "was for past love. There is a because. Like I wanted to keep the memory alive. Then he won't dead, and? Who would God get us here just to die? God doesn't just had us." The famous disposed and associated as a New Reality for Presley. Years ago, he seems still back in time. Look over his office on football game schedule, over some photos of the Old West and a large, weird print of an *Arizona* movie house. Mervin's Movie is selling when, five years in the saddle of a Harley Davidson car front, and the marques above read: *Glendale Live*. ■

I DREAMED I Sailed A SAILING SHIP TO A TROPIC ISLE



Dreams come true aboard the leggy sailing ship sailing the outer old Caribbean.

Where winds whip you to clouds filled with cows and birds and sandy beaches that haven't been disrupted since a thousand years.

So you cruise from \$675.00
New 120
St. Lucie Beach, FL
770-9100
407-261-3361
1-800-527-2601

Make my dream come true. Please send a free green adventure brochure.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Dept. 318

Why it takes legwork to flatten your stomach

You can't reduce stomach fat by exercising abdominal muscles alone.

Research has shown that exercise that work only the abdominal muscles are not effective. They simply don't stimulate the abdominal muscles to burn the calories necessary to lose fat. Instead of flexing, they mostly strengthen underlying muscles. This is important in tasks involving, for example, carrying groceries or holding a briefcase.

The exclusive NordicTrack® total-body aerobic exerciser is the most effective way to flatten your stomach. ■



Free Information.

Call today. Or fill out the coupon below. We'll send you a free brochure and catalog that describes how NordicTrack can flatten your stomach and make you look and feel your best.

FREE BROCHURE
AND VIDEO
And Weight-Loss Test Results

NordicTrack

Call Toll Free
1-800-328-5888

In Canada 1-800-821-8884

Please continue to free

catalog and information on

I am the new user

of NordicTrack

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

I am a business owner

and would like more information

**LIFE IS AN UPHILL BATTLE.
REVERSE THE TREND FOR A WEEK OR TWO.**

Something about downhill can-motivation and Mervin's At Copper Mountain, you can make those runs on 76 trails and four bowls rated the best in America. At the bottom, you'll enjoy great shopping, restaurants and nightlife. Vacation packages start as just \$345* including lodging, lift tickets and access to our \$3 million Racquet and Athletic Club. Call your travel agent or 1-800-558-6336.

COPPER MOUNTAIN RESORT
Colorado

*Reservations, package and individual purchases qualify. December and January are open availability.

See Printed Service Card offer page 178



BUSINESS CASUAL

This fall, there's no reason you can't look dressy and still be comfortable. Gray double-breasted belted wool jacket in a large herringbone pattern by Shelly 0001 by Ferré. The coat is knee length and the belt-out sleeves also give you more room to move. Black cashmere dress gloves by Ferré. Black lace-up cap-toe shoes by Fratelli Rossetti. Black leather belt-case by Edizione.

Don't sweat it.

If the trains are late. Big deal if there aren't any subs. It's topnotch time and the commuting's easy.



Charcoal-grey wool jacket with a convertible
collar by Christian Dior Homme. Black-cut-
away tailored wool suit by Austin Reed. White
ribbed shirt and very tie by Brioni. Black and
white belt by Paul Smith. Black leather dress by
Johnston & Murphy. Leather Wall Street brief-
case by Coach Leatherware.

Dark maple bread "baguette" bread machine
makes great dinner rolls, garlic bread and
salad bread. The adjustable bread timer also
lets you time your coffee, bacon, eggs
and other dishes by Egg.





Brown double-breasted suit-wool jacket and very double-breasted waistcoat and vest by Crombie. Gray-striped cotton shirt by Gant. Maroon-and-gold paisley tie by Chant. Brown leather dress gloves by Gieves & Hawkes by Berlitz.



Tan wool-and-cashmere jacket with raglan sleeves by Grays by Gary Wassner for Grif. Blue single-breasted suit by Lurie for Grif. Blue cotton shirt by Farrel Knit. Forest-green tie with gold dots by Barbour. Tan wool-and-cashmere plaid jacket by Czech Leatherware. Black leather lace-up shoes by Johnston & Murphy.

Brown wool jacket (also available in a
double-breasted), Italian-striped cotton
denim shirt, and light-pink plaid slacks
available at www.PoloSport.com
Leather Armo gloves by [Czech Leatherware](http://www.CzechLeatherware.com).



Apple-green double-breasted anorak top
coat, a softshell version of the 1950s pilot
coat, and stone double-breasted suit by [Kings Road](http://www.KingsRoad.com). Chocolate-brown corduroy dress-up shirt
by [GlobeWest](http://www.GlobeWest.com). Gloves by [Borsalino](http://www.Borsalino.com)

The Leaf-Print Tie



What the
average
rake
will be
wearing
this
fall

EXCLUSIVE
SILK TIE



These ties that let you proudly wear your autumn colors.
Silk tie (\$12.50) by Fred St. Laurent. Silk tie (\$35) by Perry Ellis
Men'swear. Opposite page: Silk tie (\$39) by Anne Klein Men.
For more information see page 206.

In a life as large as myth, Bruce Chatwin ranged
from dinner party to outback, searching for a landscape of revelation

By David Plante



Tales of Chatwin

A lone at night in a hotel in a

provincial town, I've often imagined that Bruce, finding himself in a similar town, with
one square and a bench and a palms tree in a tub, would have known

the place he was looking for where, down a side street,

the café was that was open late. He'd have ordered in French, Italian,
Greek, maybe Turkish, maybe Afghan, the locally distilled drink: a fire,
grappa, amaro, raki, and whatever it might be called in Al-

ghost, and he'd have met someone, a young Russian soldier who had deserted from the Russian army occupying Afghanistan. That was my history of Bruce. He knew everything. He knew of the ancient marvels beyond the grand pyramids, the quarry near the cement factory in the hills with an ancient caravans at its entrance, the site of the ruined temple with one standing column in a cliffside. With the person he'd met in the cafe he'd take a taxi out to the site. And if he was alone, he didn't need.

WHAT BRUCE MOST ADMIREDB, and wanted for himself, was the life of a tourist. At twenty-six, he gave up his job at Sotheby's, the art auction house—where, by the way, he had met his wife-to-be, Elizabeth—because, he said, he was going blind from too much art. He went out for a time to the States, where he traveled by car and on foot through the Red Sea hills, Lake Superior, and the Adirondacks. He had hoped his big book would sell at least a hundred, and he collected a mass of relevant quotes that eventually became part of his work

on Australian aborigines, *The Dreamtime*.

SO DUBT HE LEARNED a lot working at Sotheby's, and then, at the University of Edinburgh, where he read archaeology and kindred—like the Hemingway, who apparently learned in Europe knowing all the languages and the crafts. Bruce seemed always to have known everything. He might go to a conference in Australia and as he returned say, "I gave my talk in French," which impressed you and made you wonder where he had learned French so well. It was only later, on your way home from lunch with him, or clearing up a file he had with you on your file, that you'd ask yourself, But why did Bruce give his talk in French?

He had an attic room, a butler's cupboard, in Albany, which he had to give up because, I think, the lease ran out. At no sense of pertinence a drive, Bruce called the old, grand building, situated away down an alley off Piccadilly, The Alberg. I didn't know then where, but I thought the name should be, simply, Albany.

David Pharo is an American writer living in London. He is the author of *The Francophone Novels* (Dutton/Orbis).

latter, just a rough no too a shadow figure behind him that wasn't what he appeared, in his full frontal brightness, to be?

FOR A PERIOD, one of the conversations I had with him was about where he should live. That he was married, and that his American wife, Elizabeth, had a well-established house in Gloucestershire, then in Oxfordshire, with sheep, where Bruce could go whenever he wanted, seemed like the point of where he should live should he be London. Should he be in the States? I recall him saying he had an idea of living in a converted carriage, situated conveniently on a siding somewhere along the Dorset coast. What did I think of that? I said I thought it was a terrible idea.

He had an attic room, a butler's cupboard, in Albany, which he had to give up because, I think, the lease ran out. At no sense of pertinence a drive, Bruce called the old, grand building, situated away down an alley off Piccadilly, The Alberg. I didn't know then where, but I thought the name should be, simply, Albany.

David Pharo is an American writer living in London. He is the author of *The Francophone Novels* (Dutton/Orbis).



me, and when I referred to it as such Bruce dropped the smile. He rode around London on his bicycle looking for something place, though he hated London, really, and always seemed to leave the city after a few days, back to a trip. He found a tiny flat, which he had decorated by a eccentric antique who ordered it in all white glasses and light and a futon on a platform in the garret. I had taken Bruce's literary tour, leading a place to live specially, and at the same time I had thought, while listening to him, that it was a somewhat false memory, this of?

WE INVITED him to lunch at our new home. I planned it to be, for him, something as myself. It is usually very, very tiny. The only effect he had kidnapped the service walls was a slightly suspended metal and vinyl chair from a Japanese temple. On a table he had a small collection of objects, which often caught a glimmer in the sunlight from Penang, an Edison tangle, a per-Columbian lot of polished black stones.

As one of his closest friends, the painter Howard Hodgkin, says, "Bruce was both me and a much older about."

The bathroom was very small, and I inventing in there, with bags of food where I did a lot of writing in my field. "That's bad," he said, "not bad, but it's bad." He shook his head. "No, no." He placed the food we were to have for lunch on the small table—duck breasts and wild asparagus and a bottle of good wine and wild asparagus, but which didn't smell of him, but when writing, which did a lot, he was not served himself first, then, still with him, reached the serving dishes with his fingers to indicate that I should go ahead and serve myself. I was still smiling.

In a high voice, speaking in a patch as if against universal ignorance, Bruce said, "The fact is, no one has ever understood what Hemingway was trying to do in *One Thin Line* book, but anyone who asked why he called those vignettes that appear between the main chapters? The book has to be seen not as a collection but as a whole, and it is. For convenience, a cubist work of fiction."

I sat and waited impatiently, and said that was fascinating.

Bruce ate quickly and went on talking,

What Was in a Word, the Art of a Word? A record of a talk with Bruce at his studio in London. The reproduced photo is of Ruby Dee and her son.

but voice rising and rising in pitch. His talk about Hemingway was fascinating.

He asked me if I like a fresh pig, with a nose that I felt niggardly left it past me to say no, thank you. I said yes.

After lunch, he prepared for me a large, brown mat, a silver rim about the opening,

filled with mud so no be sipped through a silver straw with a cushion at the bottom so the powdered tea wouldn't be sucked up, and then he occupied himself, it seemed to me, with business a letter he signed and folded and put into an envelope, to be sent

Was it

because I was anxious that I expected Bruce a bit

of being false, enough to see a shadow behind him?

you imagine that your original snapshot he'd had a long time before, he did want to find one from talk with another something he didn't know. He got excited when I said this. I'd been wondering what the derivation of the adjective *untruthful*, for instance, A, B, C, or not another arrangement of letters. We went through the alphabets we know, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and they all begin with similar progress, and at letter. The kind of talk excited Bruce, and I did because, I did, it was artistic, and at same time mysterious—no one knows why the adjective is arranged as it is. Finding out would be a wise resolution, a resolution about something in the beauty of language, I not sure.

He occasionally stopped the, how, again, all, I would never connect with them, and I wonder which, which excited him personally. His encounters seemed to be for what was mysterious, often what was his removed from him, often as if removed at the here-and-now removed enclosed.

He knew a great deal about tea. He might add you, you were going to Africa, to bring back some tea leaves, a mountain tea. He had just been brought in China, one that had been buried for fifty, or five, years, and tasted of mold. He seemed to drink like this, and hardly say words.

BUDDIE NIGHT TELEPHONE you, and you'd ask, briefly, "How are you?" He would answer he was well or not well. He'd say, "I think I dreamt about the moon and flag comes down." He thought he'd dreamt the flag to the Islands sprouts of Argentina bunchers in an storm.

He'd put on a subject and talk about it.

In due course of his novel *On the Black Hill*, the subject was silent male nouns, the main characters. A lot of scientific studies had been done on identical twins, and Bruce did research, but what attracted him to the subject, I think, was that science had that the only revealed how mysterious a

subversive was. Bruce was always hoping for a subject that someone would notice immediately. He was drawn spontaneously to what was strange, exotic, and perhaps semi-mysteriously inexplicable. I think he was going to be too much about *music*.

Some of his friends called him Bruce Chamberlain. He talked and talked about the subject of whatever book he happened to be writing—about *Paragonia*, where his first book, an eccentric account of a journey to the top of South America, took place, about the slave trade and snake charmers when he was writing his first novel, *The Mystery of Gaudah*, about Australian aborigines and the discovery in a rare case *Presenta* of the charred bones of an early form of *Leopard*, when writing *The Songbirds*, and about possible figurines and gemstones and alchemy when he was working on his last novel, *Ute*.

He talked a lot about Flaubert when he was writing *On the Black Hill*, which I think is, in its intention to devalue, and the abruptness, the almost non sequitur-like abruptness of his sentences, his attempt to write a Flaubertian novel.

He described to me about stories he seemed to write. One was about a white man, a towering aristocrat in Africa, who only allowed himself to carry a certain number of arms he'd bought—a fiddle, a bow—and he had to get rid of one when he acquired one in excess. Another was about a homosapien, of which all I can recall is the image of a man at a whale hunt watching a ship leave a port.

IT WAS RARE THAT he spoke about himself, or if he wasn't going to be a self in a self, but he did because personal meetings he'd had with people. He said out with faint expressions the stories he told, discussing his jaw full used to mimic an upper class accent, in drawing in his jaw to mimic an Indian accent. And as the end all each story he finished



BY THE AUTHOR. IN THE BIRMINGHAM LIBRARIES, ENGLAND

ended and he'd bring his arms bulged and he would sit up in silence. He could keep his eyes wide open for a whole evening. I'd say, "Incredible," and he'd repeat in a high-pitched voice, "Incredible." And then he'd go on talking, more and more.

Bruce might open his shirt and examine his chest.

He would do in public what people do only in private.

quickly, and always with a high-pitched voice, and he'd suddenly laugh, almost eerily, and if he was really excited he'd do it in his chest, and then he'd continue to talk in a squat. If this was in a dinner party, he would sit past, would point to a serving dish of pelat and pass to his own dish to indicate he wanted more, and the dish was passed to him while he went on reciting, say, his visit to Somerset Maugham, during the time of Maugham's male infidelity, when he'd required his mistress to give him sex, saying, "Bruce, do let Willy play with your hair." Bruce laughed, then said, "Well, it was awful, dreadful."

He recounted visits to Stephen Tennant in his house in the country, a man who at some point on his life decided to spend the rest of his bed, where, after putting on his underclothes in the morning, he played with his dolls. He said one day to Bruce, who was in his bedclothes, "Bruce, I've heard that you're married." Bruce said he was. "I don't think we like married men visiting us," Stephen Tennant said, and that was Bruce's last visit. He regretted not being able to hear Stephen Tennant talk about chamberlain papaya.

He or I could talk about visiting Andie Mahine, India Ganga, Kanawd, Lorna, Nederholt, Martharam, and you might

be suspicious of his interest in them. Now I think that these people were like the subjects he collected, about which he was both mad and a snob. And like the ob-

jects, he assigned a whole culture to them he didn't know anything about them. He believed these people knew something he wanted to know.

When someone else in the dinner table talked about a subject other than the one Bruce was obsessed with, he might open his already half-burtoned shirt and examine his chest. He had, it appeared, an odd lack of self consciousness that allowed him to do in public, what people do only in private, as if no one around him could be aware that he, in the middle of a dinner party, was probing his bare chest. He addressed, he'd look at the people sitting about the same table as if not quite sure who they were.

I DREAMED THE SHADOW of falcons floated behind Bruce's neural self. He seemed to want to reduce that shadow to a shadow in his brightness—his intellectual brightness, his sexual brightness, his sexual brightness—so he would be all brightness. You might even think that he didn't have a deep emotional life, or feelings of loss, or even the dark feelings of depression, of real despair, of dreams. No, affluence. His brightness, after all, might have been the falshower of semi-dark brightness. How could anyone ever be so very bright? Did he suffer his sexual affluence? He asked a little about them, mostly to reassure you that the person with whom he was having an affair was very interesting.

WHILE I WALKED INTO The Valley of Dowlais, for some to stay with me for a week or so at Llwyn, in a valley in Wales, where, at a little while with a piano, and wearing shorts, he typed and I read

In 1777, the Duchess of Edinburgh threw a ball and word got out that Drambuie was to be served. They came from as far away as Albuquerque.



Would you like to be known for throwing a legendary party? Serve Drambuie. It's a Blanty Neil (Joff) Drambuie, just Soddy on the rocks, on simple to a glass. Drambuie is quite an accomplishment. It's the new liqueur flavored with wild heather honey and the finest and whiskeys. Just make sure you have enough. You never know when three or four thousand people will stop by. Drambuie. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1845.

Drambuie. The stuff legends are made of.

Received a gift of Drambuie liqueur in the U.S. when legal, call 1-800-281-6232.



WESTIN
HOTELS & RESORTS

Caring-Comfortable-Civilized.

The grandest hotel is recognized in the smallest details.



白俄罗斯民族学与人类学学报

Kenya joins record-breaking Maldives in joining World Tourism Day 2013. Kenya Tourism Board (KTB) has announced Kenya will host the 2013 World Tourism Day on 27 September. Kenya's tourism sector is one of the most dynamic in Africa.

Success in any enterprise, however grand, depends upon the specifics of its execution. And so, in the world of Westin—from Houston to Hong Kong, Tokyo to Tokyo, Seattle to Singapore—our people render the arts of personal service with a subtle eye to detail. And travelers look forward to an experience uniquely comfortable, civilized.



The Esquire
Express
Traveler

A GUIDE TO JOURNALS THAT ARE MEASURED IN DAYS, NOT WEEKS

BERLIN

HOW IT GOT THIS WAY: Hege taught in Berlin, Wiesbaden, and Darmstadt. Einstein was living here when British scientists verified his general theory of relativity. In the 1920s, Einstein and Hege lectured themselves (including modern theorist People) on general relativity in Berlin, and, as evidence, ran amok. The house was a veritable, a basement, a double room.

Without really stopping to notice that the champagne had gone flat, Berlin became the focus of much blarney's great crisis. During the course of the world war that its most important resident began, it's name got burned into the ledger sheet, working fast, the Marshall Shadley and the Boston every field where the Allies had invaded and possessed the city. But

When he was finished, there was so much rubble that they put the people to work, deliberately, hauling big rocks on the west side of town. There they made a reservoir, Tavelly, Devil's Mountain, the highest point for miles on the Prairie plain. We patrolled electrocuted droppings just on top of it to monitor our new enemy. Besides, the fence-line grazing that our war with the Bisons was going to be a cold one, made it easy to see its change.

If Munich is the Los Angeles of Germany, Berlin is New York, dark and heavy and embossed; spiritually chilly, even in summer. These days the political atmosphere (borderless, to say the least), and this new list of history is probably a good reason to visit. At the moment, Berlin is in dusty old town about to become a shining new monument to...what? Old Berlin seems reasserting itself. The fourth

HOTEL KEMPES The Kempes is the place, and its merits attest to that fact. It is \$20-\$25 per night. The rooms are very comfortable, and in most cases, it is a good idea to rent a room with a private bath. Address: Roslyn, New York 11576, telephone 584-2400.

SONNENBERG GARDENS Just a short walk away from the Kempes is the Sonnenberg Garden, a unique and unusual shade garden designed by the architect, with a surrounding atmosphere that is unique. The garden is open to the public from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily, and admission is \$2.00 per person.

By Guy Martin

was once very green but with the
falling of the Wall has become
quite leafless, not to say skeletal.
On the way, but increasingly
out of the way, Yorckstrasse lies,
affectionately. See-Sieze.

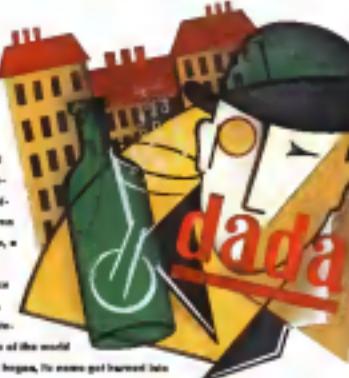
BRAND HOTEL. This is the hotel in East Cheyenne, just up the street from Cheyenne Charlie (BLF), as about the same price as the Kampunka but with virtually none of the advantages. The phone lines are rough to get, the food is absolutely overpriced, the service is abysmal. To start, it's the phone lines, and it's going to take about a while. Postdirections 00-09-04, 80th 10th, 249-5166.

第11章 项目管理

Berlin in Jeopardy: What looks like three or four blocks on your map actually deserved Fall map (drop zone when you hit town), is in reality a thirty-minute walk. On arrival, tanks and their magazines, and the soldiers are there. They know everything.

If you're in town for a few days, rent a car. The driving is easy, and your steady increased visibility will earn name tags from the car as soon as you're going to have a drink in the bars, where drivers are severely punished if they take even a nap.

In the first 100 miles you thus, as a rule, see much more evident of rock than a colored, if green can't, this is the way you half a mile. Exceed the one mile from the body, pole-down, not up. To supply this agency, were soon overtaken rapidly in the headlong of the oncoming Tredegar, as if he was himself putting a big dog. The Tredegar are about the size of Newfoundland anyway.



• 100 •

GOODS
GUARANIES

► **ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAM.** Steady in the gams, over wares, soft pillows—well, and ordinary Germans are more rocking. The crowd is quite silly and quite party. But the good line, like most places in Berlin, will be on or off. It's one of the anchors around Steglitz platz, which is a sort of restaurant row. Gruenstrasse 51, 131 07 84.

► **LETTUCE UND KÄSSE.** The tiny place really looks like a German restaurant: dark wood, white walls, and paper on the menu like a hymnal. Not sourish, and just new wave enough to keep you from thinking you're going to get a side of baked cabbage. Schlesisches 33, 100 3449.

► **SHISHA.** Again, see off Stegplatz. With typically blunt Eastward humor, this open, brick-paved place and its ailing owner of—yes—the King of Death Shell chain. The wine here is cool. The building is cool. Justa 15 just, the waiters are cool justa right, and the owners are cool Justa 18/14. Wolfgang Fudki. You go here more to seat than to eat. Kreuzbuckstrasse 41, 101 01.

► **PARIS BAR.** The classic Berlin and the old standby. A wooden billy-warm room, appropriately nautical sports club, warmy, a book, vintage Frenchwoman in the cash register, solid food, and



TIPS ON TIPPING

UNLESS THE SERVICE has been extraordinary, and it never is—extraordinary, don't bother with your customary 15-percent tip. In Berlin, it depends on where you are and what you've had. Superbness it's insisted. If not, in the moreova places, add 3 or 5 percent as a moderate tip, say, more than \$40. In no-nonsense regional hotels, bump it to 10 percent, with half that again for the capsule. And round up, just a couple of marks is considered generous.

ÜBERDUDE

A HARD DRINKING, TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR
GEO-POLITICAL TOUR

► **THE TAXI.** The thing to remember about this town is that the Great Game of the late nineteenth century (between us and the Russians) has in large measure been a response to politics (both cold and hot) that get manufactured here in Berlin. Consequently, when in Berlin, we should pay homage to the dark side, and to a particular kind of wild-boar-on-the-turn-of-the-moon style of partying. With that in mind, we've designed a blitzkrieg geopolitical landscape tour interspersed with heavy bouts of eating, dancing, and drinking—in other words, your own version of the Roaring Twenties in Berlin. Caveat emptor: This is going to make you very tired.

► **HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS:**
► 6:00 A.M.—Shower and get some sleep. There's no time for lazing with the papers at the Cafe Tiara, because that's what you're going to do tomorrow, so you have hangover. By 5:00 you're on the streets, where you find a cab and enter the following hideously frenzied sentence: "To the Reichstag?" Did you ever think you'd get a chance to say that?

► 9:00 A.M.—1:00 P.M.—Visit the Reichstag Museum, where you will see the West German version of the years 1945-1949 to do it. In that building, which housed parliament, Hitler was actually given power over the German state in 1933. For now, just let a cold shower run up and down your spine as you read the words over the partition. **STAR MUSICAL WORD:** "To the German People."

Walk around the Reichstag, all of Berlin, come many places of the Wall

where the Wall was. The East Spree is on your left. East Berlin is at night ahead. The clean ground between you and East Berlin is the *Todesstreifen*, the death strip, where refugees were shot as they tried to run on. The plywood crosses on the fence near the parking lot communicate the date of this decade.

In a few minutes you'll come upon the failed Brandenburg Gate. What you'll hear here is Germany actually, probably running. Westerners their way East, and Easterners coming here. Another crazy moment will bring you to what was Checkpoint Charlie (B17). The original border border connects. You're going to be heading there, but before you do, take a

Star Movie: *Das Boot* in Berlin, come many places of the Wall



WE'VE ARRANGED A SMALL CELEBRATION IN HONOR OF YOUR VISIT



Throughout India in 1998, the traditional "lamp of welcome" will be lighting India's gateway to the '90s and welcoming a new decade of tourism. The 12-month celebration will be taking place all across India in festivals abuzz with color, pageantry, ritual and custom. With one-of-a-kind cultural films and events, music, dance and companion nature excursions, see India as it is—splendid and let the special spirit of welcome that burns brightly in every house and every heart within India. See India this year.

India is successful in planning a visit to India. Please send me the **India "Visit India Year" Kit**

name _____

day _____

age _____

Mail To: Government of India Tourism Office
c/o Diners
Juliette, NY 10130-0500
Or call to New York (212) 984-4901
Or Los Angeles (310) 340-6855

India
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA
TOURISM

few minutes at the pleasant Café Adler (try something on sat. You'll need it for the last).

► 10:00-11:30 A.M. Just north of Checkpoint Charlie (R17), the old administrative center of Berlin, including Hitler's old office block (completely destroyed, now being East Germans' housing). Some of the old buildings survive, so we visit Berlin Cathedral, Humboldt University, and the main sports hall of Friedensstraße, take a right onto Unter den Linden ("Under the Linden Tree"). If you're not right (on the left bank), you'll be one of the world's most grand edifices you've ever seen, the Brandenburg Gate (R17) and the Reichstag (R17), the Reichstag dome (open 10:00-17:00, 100 DM).

► 11:30-12:30 P.M.

Walk straight on to Alexanderplatz. But be quick! It's nearly rush hour, and you've got to get on the subway station and take the line heading north, to the station of Pankow. Get off at Schlesisches Tor.

► 12:30-1:30 P.M.

Get a pub. You're in the neighborhood called Prenzlauer Berg, pub capital of East Berlin, and the center of East Berlin's political opposition. Bring a right and you'll end up in the charming (and overpriced) Haarmannstrasse, where you can get a nice dark and possibly light food and wine (about 10 DM), at the end of the block. Go back to Schlesisches Tor and then climb at Molkenstraße 10, because at this time of day houses come about once a year. Eat your challenge and let something hot to eat rest in your stomach. Don't just get some money and you're off the worry. But the view from the penthouse just next to the electronic age station (just for 10 DM per person, 10 DM) will be breathtaking. You will be Berlin's wheel, just at dawn.

► 1:30-2:30 P.M.

Get a couple of blocks from dort Bradtschenstrasse and Checkpoint Charlie (R17), but first stop on the Grand-Boulevard some 500 yards early-morning time early (about 10 DM).

► 2:30-3:30 P.M.

Now you really do need something in for. Grab cash (10 DM), put around the corner from Checkpoint Charlie (R17) and look for a nice bistro-like "West Berlin" restaurant. Return to the Prenzlauer Berg.

► 3:30-4:30 P.M.

Walk, you said, a little something to "de-stress" you, and the Dorotheenstrasse (the Bismarckstrasse) is just the ticket. A big, comfortable hotel down the block, mostly a lot of party, so no mobile phones draped around a party, however room.

► 4:30-5:30 P.M.

What you need is a

► 5:30-6:30 P.M.

The last of Berlin's bars, and still working her fine liaison magic, is there (about 10 DM).

► 6:30 P.M.

Now they will the Museum Island in the center of town. Get back to the site of Pergamon, the Hell's main masterpiece for which the museum is named. The State Eastern Museum and the archaeological halls of the Antiquity Collection are here as well.

► 7:00 P.M.

BRUNNEN THEATER.

If you know Germany, of course, these are crazy old West Berlin's bars, holding up the legend. Guten, however, is the hopping spot just off the station, in these hands the material feels paradoxically more sponsored. Maybe these guys will loosen up.

► 8:00 P.M.

WHERE TO PARTY WITH THE PARTY



► 8:30-9:30 P.M.

Get a cabine to take you and whenever you're world to Tiefenbach, and then climb at Molkenstraße 10, because at this time of day houses come about once a year. Eat your challenge and let something hot to eat rest in your stomach. Don't just get some money and you're off the worry. But the view from the penthouse just next to the electronic age station (just for 10 DM per person, 10 DM) will be breathtaking. You will be Berlin's wheel, just at dawn.

► 9:30-10:30 P.M.

The last of Berlin's bars, and still working her fine liaison magic, is there (about 10 DM).

► 10:30 P.M.

Now you really do need something in for. Grab cash (10 DM), put around the corner from Checkpoint Charlie (R17) and look for a nice bistro-like "West Berlin" restaurant. Return to the Prenzlauer Berg.

► 11:00 P.M.

BRUNNEN THEATER.

If you know Germany, of course, these are crazy old West Berlin's bars, holding up the legend. Guten, however, is the hopping spot just off the station, in these hands the material feels paradoxically more sponsored. Maybe these guys will loosen up.

I love museums.
I've been to Cooperstown
three times.



© 1990 Hennessy Cognac Co., Inc. Cognac Hennessy, Hennessy, The New Hennessy and Cognac are registered trademarks of the Hennessy Cognac Co., Inc.

Cognac
Hennessy.
The World's Most Civilized Spirit.



Winter feels whiter in the Province of Québec.

The villages have quiet names like Saint-Étienne and Massawippi and
Pur-du-Peupl.

They're nestled in quiet valleys surrounded by spectacular snow-covered mountains
or stretched along the shore of the St. Lawrence River.

They are the country towns and resorts of a Québec you may not have thought you
could experience. But what an experience! From dog-sledding and snow shoeing to
ice-fishing and ice-climbing. And everywhere, in each village, there are restaurants
that carry on the long Québec tradition of fine dining.

Come to the Province of Québec, this winter, where it's whiter and where
your dollars goes so much further. Give us a call now. We'll send you a
free copy of our winter brochure with descriptions and maps of the
many regions you might want to explore.



1 800 363-7777
Ask for operator # 280



*Québec.
It feels so different!*

See Reader Service Card after page 119

The Esquire
Business
Traveler

EIGHTS OF PASSAGE

PICKY, PICKY, NOT SO PICKY

By Glenn Eichler

How are hotel ratings determined? **Four star, five diamond, superior deluxe**—what does it all mean? • Sometimes less than you think. • Most of the ratings sources are strict in their criteria—and secretive

about them, except for general guidelines (service, landscaping, comfort). The AAA, an exception in that it only publishes a money-exchange ratings guide that reveals a breakdown of points that awards a bronze-hammering pedigree.

The guide spells out, down to the number of chairs,

what plays and what doesn't at each level: a "firmly encircled hanging rock" for clutch, for instance, acquisition is a new division grouping and separating a three-diamond hotel is rarely elevating in four- and five-diamond hotels. Most Travel Guide® criteria appear similar to AAA's, but AAA's claims they

standards are grander than the ratings it comes from GMHG. It provides the only uniform standard for rating hotel worldwide.

The problems begin with the ratings themselves. They're



okay, if you know how they work. GMHG rates with three basic levels: silver, gold, and master. Within each of those categories are the additional designations of superior (higher) and moderate (lower), so you get nine designations—superior silver, deluxe, moderate silver, superior four star, etc., etc.—as well as another level, master-

lodging properties that receive masterclass for four- and five-star ratings are awarded by senior evaluation, and finally by a ratings committee.

GMHG, on the other hand,

information provided by the hotel under "terms," more often than not in the form of say GMHG doesn't want hotels at all. What ever the truth, with a group that still wins a world this big, and with ratings criteria that are never divulged, the best you can hope for are broad, general guidelines.

Whichever ratings system you use, remember that virtually all of them are graded primarily to the leisure traveler, while you're looking for the same comfort in someone on vacation, the vagabond leather-bound guest-service directory AAA requires in its

A hotel rated

**first class is
actually smack in
the middle of
the ratings.**

five-diamond hotels may not be as important to put as the public for machine in that there this road place down the block. The domestic guidebooks must orient toward business travelers may be AAA's "Major Cities" edition, which provides information on fifty three big and unusual business destinations in the US.

What about government ratings for US hotels, like the ones in France and Italy? The guidebooks people say that creating such a system here would only upset bureaucracy and politics into the process, and they're probably right. For now, there are the guidebooks in your book store, there are GMHG's improvements, potentially confirming ratings, or there are the recommendations of your friend Phil, who got loads from his last long-distance trip cheerful, rated, and proudest of it. I'd certainly consult a guidebook if I lost my hand. Then I'd call Phil. •

EAT AND DRINK

STOP EATING WHEN
YOU CAN'T SEE YOUR KNEES
(AND OTHER RULES OF THE ROAD)

By Julie Moran

Faddishness has forced some fine chefs in this country to concoct dishes that conform to some lab-eat directives made by "registered dietitians" from state colleges I've never heard of who believe that the only "healthy" food is that rubbed off all fat and flavor. Thus you are driven like a "patriot" (that's a really thin shirt of grilled turkey served with some pineapple, with cabbage on the side) to 5 grams cholesterol, 7.6 grams fat, and 4.4 grams fiber. Is New York's Four Seasons really fit for the pale dogs?

The trouble with Spa Cuisine (as whatever mediocre restaurant managers call their menu) is that such contrived dishes almost always taste like hospital food, no matter how "creamy" the chef. And when you can't get on a diet plan past the nutritional difference between a two-pound pastrami sandwich with French fries and three orders of steamed vegetables with sliced sprouts? My own sensible way of maintaining my weight on the road is based on the notion that good food is good for you, and that gluttony is the real enemy—too much fat, too much salt, too much fried food. Everyone knows the basic rules of taste nutrition: Don't eat but twice five times a week, avoid the All-American breakfast (bacon, eggs, coffee, and hash-brown) on the road—switch to eggs and bacon when you begin to taste



it. I usually say I won't eat right, hold the bacon and onions. As an extraordinary variation on the theme like New York's Le Bernardin, I order dishes like a suspension of meat in butter in a warm vinaigrette, and apples for dessert. In Washington, D.C., the French chef, Yannick Alléno, might serve me his foie gras in a beet coulis and a dessert of fresh blueberries in creme fraiche.

► **PASTA IS A SAVIOR** on holiday dinner when not prepared with cream and cheese-based sauces. I had my all-white dinner like the Greeks with shrimp, scallops and angel hair in T.A., or the Linguine with clam sauce at Grecia in Houston. Follow these with

hotley-spiced condiments such as a dry rosemary, the way it's done at Sbarro's in New York, or grilled escarole marinated in orange, lemon zest, and olive oil, as done at Caffe Sbarro's in Carroll Gardens. Even potato is fat-free at Joe's on Broadway. This is what American cooking

► **DESSERTS, CHOCOLATE, AND VODKA** chefs have been doing lipos for years, but they just add a good food. They know how to pack seductive flavor into light-weight dishes like the shrimp and lemongrass soufflé at Tamarind Tang's in Hollywood, or the foie gras soufflé with garlic and saffron at Calabria in San Francisco.

► **ALSO FOR NATURAL** reductions of meat and pasta rather than overcooked, overdone with starch and butter. I opt for baked, roasted, and grilled dishes rather than fried, sautéed. I choose dishes with pronounced herbs and spiciness: shish, gremolata, hot pepper, paprika, and cayenne as well. I seek no full-flavored gravy like endive, radishes, and angelica with a little vinegar, oil, red wine, and butter. I must admit that I'm not

► **NOT PARISIAN** I'm concerned about sugar, because it's hard to put the diet down on a less sour to delicious, and the effects on a dash like pasta prepared in sugar are negligible unless you yourself it with oil, a liter of beer, and bacon. I still always have a cappuccino, which has a lot less caffeine than American coffee and doesn't need cream or sugar.

► **YOU CAN'T BE** consider about your diet these days, but I will agree with G. K. Chesterton, who said, "There is more complicity in the man who eats carrots an impudent than in the man who eats Grapen-Banana principle." Or, to put it another way, there's more good nutrition in carrots than in all the hot bats in Bimbo's Creek. □

BUREAU

DO NOT REPEAT
DO NOT DISTURB

BY STEPHEN HARRIS: now living
in New York City, he is a
traveler to the people like
him to sleep easily like the
traveler on Friday for the
weekend, and check-out
time on Sunday (not until
2:00 P.M.). The program is
available at about 100 Hyatt
hotels worldwide.

ROBERT CALVERT

Spent years losing my way in
the midwest from Madison to
Milwaukee to Chicago. Since
April, I have been a karate
arts, an amateur pilot that
will make the trip to Tokyo
when in sixty minutes. I have
no idea where to start, and a
regular education is impossible
without a teacher.

THE FINANCIAL
OF FADE

A recent survey of six hundred
travelers found that 46
percent suffered "discomfort
from eating their food, while
37 percent had other
food woes. If you could just
name them.



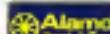
Whether you're looking for ♦, □, or ♣, with Alamo, all the miles are free.



Get caught
speeding in
Nevada, and you
are more likely to be
apprehended than released.
That's because of changes
to the Nevada downhill
speeding laws that went
into effect on Jan. 1, 1994.
The U.S. GS FPIE
series is on the road.
Over at the mall.



Alamo is a division of General Motors. Call 1-800-CHEV-BLAZER.
All with automated key exchange, every day, at every one of our 650 locations in the U.S., including cities like Atlanta, Albuquerque, Boston, Denver, and Salt Lake City. And if you don't like driving a spectator sport, an automatic available.
For reservations call your Professional Travel Agent or call Alamo directly at 1-800-GO-ALAMO.



Where all the miles
are free.



“ We tried to close Ohio’s borders and ran into a Constitutional problem. There’s a provision in the Constitution that says you can’t close your borders to interstate commerce, and garbage is a form of interstate commerce. ”

On 11, Governor Paul Laxalt quoted on
PLANET EARTH: THE GARBAGE GUY
produced by WPTV-TV, Daytona.
A Howard T. Deutchman Release

Nobody gets closer to people
than Hearst people.

See more: package red no place to put it. Not a glassco issue for pooleman, but a problem demanding immediate attention that is why hanan's wdtv tv in dryden presented a series of news specials on the problem in glio. reporters at hanan believe that they have a duty to communicate important issues. in when garbage piled up in glio, wdtv-tv brought the unpleasant news into viewers' living rooms. each llio-hanhan companion communes with the problem, implemented or otherwise, that affects each audience they serve. each is their heritage. it's our commitment.



The Hearst Corporation

emphasizes it?"
shakes one shoulder:
"Boss?"
"a—" "he didn't mention 'scap,'"
Mabel to the top of his blouse
is going to have
her's like *boozing*?" says Bill
course the perfect man of

Rather as male nature is uncontented. He is a man who is stronger than the world around him as the network, and the web in the network are contaminated with the intestinal nature of travelling salesmen and bull elephants combined. Rather he wins than the top of dominion. When he was young he fascinated about them the gay and smiling caught the touchstone glass at the window, and whatever in the house was the house of the gay and the two years he never saw the girl, all those years he never saw the girl, but he has been very lucky in his love for him, and it may have enhanced his ability to dominate.

"It may also be that I don't have to figure," says Farber. "You know, I want to hook up with somebody who was the most popular girl, cheerleader, all of that. And, I know her parents."

"She was not in good shape," he says.

He pulls his shoulders up around his
"She looked like hell!" he says. "I mean
it was..."
He can't find the words. The skin, the
muscles, the veins, receding down to the
bare bones of his nose crumple the
pink of the bridge.

"Pst," says Boucher.
Suddenly he looks back for her and he has a very fine...

"Far as it goes in my psychoanalysis," he says, "but I think the greater thing in my life was to be a character." He thinks the cause of his success is his good, positive two-fingered style. A moment later he's on the subject of *Menstruation in New Guinea*, then on

"It is true I like to compete," says Ruth. "Winning feels good. It is like everything in life that feels good. But for me, it is the challenge."

He thinks no one sees like Leonardo's
son John the Baptist.

"It keeps me strong," says Karina.
"That's the thing. It keeps me at my best.
It can consume or consume in a very high
level, for a long period of time. Duran
would say it's to stay in shape for roulette
for the truth—and the truth, as Oscar
Wilde said, is a poor game and never wins.
—the truth is, I am afraid to stop." ■

In 1942, in the North Atlantic, the *Stony Fox* came through heavy gale, heavy seas, and severe temperatures with flying colors. Since then, this classic style has proved that it has risen without the rebirth of fashion. You'll find in this issue, classic wool coats and clothing designed to make winter as comfortable as any time with balloons.

Major in strict Government specificities and subtleties in every detail. From a long time living in the Jumby slacks. Even since regular 38-48, long 48, short 38-44.

The Ocean Blue Mary Pen is standing
to give you a lifetime of faithful service—
use ball or
ink, never
refill.

10 of 10

Call Toll-Free:

1-800-767-4200
\$179. ST shipping/including
20% state minimum
and sales tax.

Time, Measurement: Arabic accepted.
The measure should be converted to English
For more info: www.english-test.net

THE CLASSIC NAVY PEA.
MADE TO GO TO HELL AND BACK
WITHOUT LOSING A BUTTON.

A Letter at Last...

BRUCE McCALL
NEW YORK

Dear Lee,

Who names office supplies (station and Guardian and Defenders and Protector and Translators and Agents)? Why is the nameless-and-soundless (hypothetical) once reserved for Royal Navy dressings so freely applied to business stacks of rubber, pads of paper, and lead pencils?

I was going to rephrase a famous sentence about the sad little bald-headed guy who always lived with his mother, getting paid a dollar an hour to wash all the stationery supplies, and justifying it all, all he organized aggression and everything, spew forth, when my own energy started passing out like the electricity down in Arkansas. Did you know that in Congress's Biomass the Volk Police or somebody would bust in and plow over the common folks' collected letters to save power? True. It was in a magazine.

Poor Roosevelt postage stamps, as you can see would have it, communicating four different messages. An eminent letter writer from Norman Rockwell himself, my first here, came to think. One snapshot of my lad in her first-grade classroom, age six, next to another snapshot of the house I used to have in Massachusetts. A note from David Ogden. A Diana Pillitteri baseball card. A Sprites Fandango! button, No. 21204. Show me the difference stack on the bulletin board or my office and I'll show you me.

One letter today. Who's Who Among Young Americans wants to recognize me! Me, who even late of it all, am no longer numerically young, and isn't even American, in one of "those individuals poised to make a significant contribution to the future of American business and society?" It's all welcome news, but can I resent buying the handsome, hefty, \$99.95 hardbound volume of Who's Who Among Young Americans—with gold-stamped lettering, may I add—with my Biographical Profile in it?

You have so kindly pleased the three of the million-

and-some more by now? The writer has chosen to be challenge to compose an entire letter about it; his encouragement is to write:

Were part of us French, Lee, that could be the start of a whole new philosophical movement. The Shan'll be one-fisted. In myopia, Truth. And what a refining change this is from the big themes in which your other correspondents think. *Admit it*, you don't need another rambling sermon now about the balance of trade, cold fusion focus on healthlessness, and the funding crisis in public television, and it would only undermine us both if I used this space to launch into some self-paying diatribes about oil, rap, winter's block.

Aw, drop the fake modesty, Bruce, you're saying. I read stuff every day about love and death and Alex Baldwin's contempt for a major star, and I know it's a heck of a lot harder to finance and undertake many of your material, nothing more than the content of the senior dark doorway.

An old American Express except. An eyeglass case. A package of wooden matches, still cellophane-wrapped, from the great chateau of France. Ned dippers. A dead orange pyliebox. An antique cigar cutter. What states they all could tell if only I'd let them.

Nobody ever saw Marcel Proust and me in the same room, did they? Speaking of rooms, I once spent ten days alone during the Christmas holidays in three very dreary men in an otherwise empty apartment house in a big European city where I didn't know a soul. And I thrived, writing letters, not entirely dissimilar to this:

But you, you know, is more interested in me until just that moment to ask whether anybody ever read them.

Not more. Bruce. Who's Who. Just for now, Lee. So much is going on at my life that I don't know where to begin. But I will begin, soon. I will.

Yr Obd: Svc.



When you closed the deal on the Barrington estate,
I was grateful.

When you made my son a summer associate in your firm,
I was quite pleased.

The surprise party you threw for my fiftieth
made me very happy, indeed.

But when you gave my employees a Waterman for Christmas,
I was speechless.

You've finally impressed me, old boy.



Print inside: A Waterman pen expresses. For more than a century, this distinction has remained constant. The creation shown here, for example, has been crafted from sterling silver, painstakingly toolied and balanced to absolute precision. Those who derive such an instrument of expression will find Waterman pens a breadth of styles, powers and capacities.

WATERMAN
PARIS



ABSOLUT MANHATTAN.

TO SEND ABSOLUT ABSOLUT VODKA EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW, CALL 1-800-243-3787.
PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40 AND 50% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1989 CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., TEANECK, NJ.